RE WE RIPE FOR A "REVOLUTION"? By JAY FRANKLI

OCT. 8, 1932

Liberty

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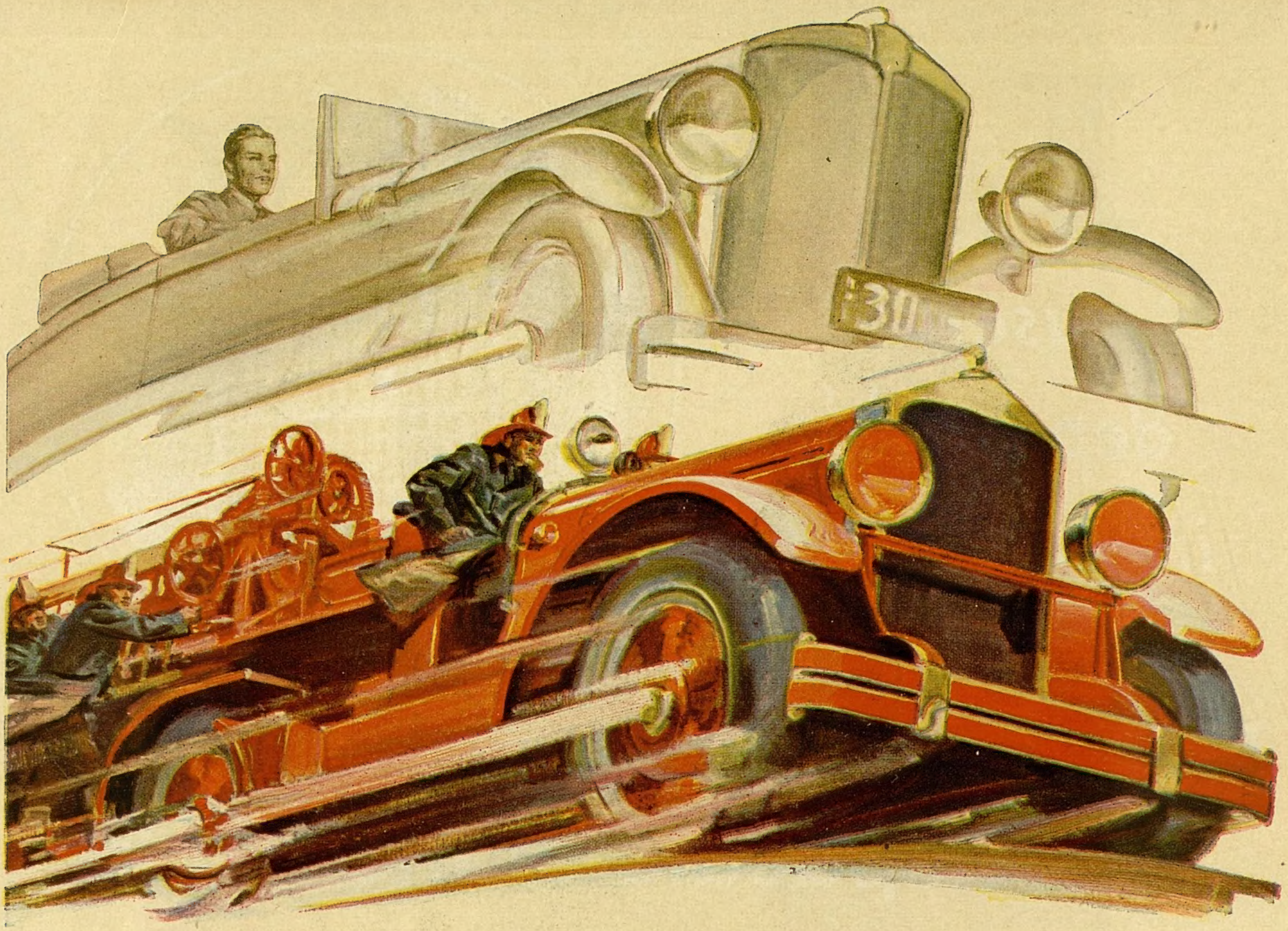

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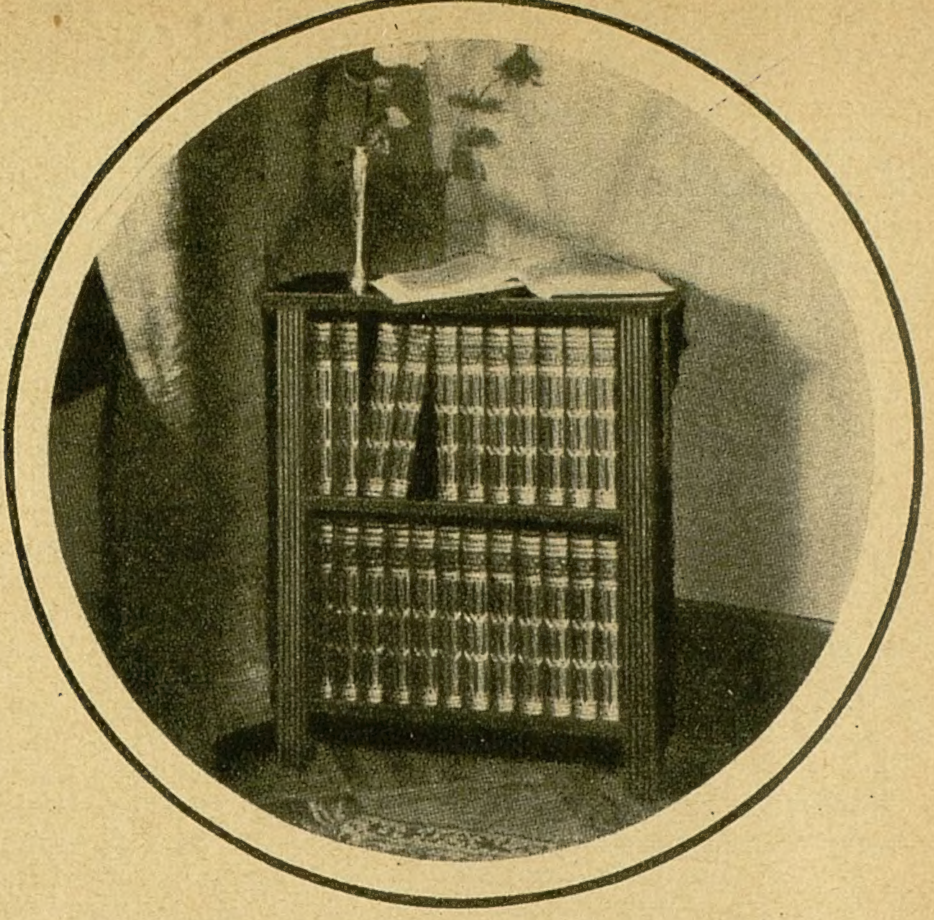

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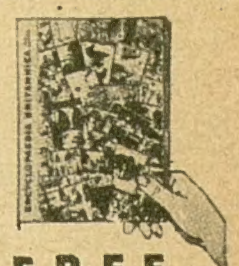

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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly
OCTOBER 8, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 41

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by WILLIAM REUSSWIG

POLITICAL GRAFT, GREED THROTTLING THE NATION

"Politics is rotten!" is a common expression heard everywhere.

But who is to blame? Who has allowed politics to blacken the reputation of the nation?

The citizenry of this country are guilty! They must answer for this crime of crimes against the future of this nation.

Politics was bad enough before prohibition began pouring its unparalleled riches into the hands of the criminal horde. Graft has always been an evil of considerable proportion. But the absolutely colossal wealth that has been handed over to bootlegging has brought "easy money" to crooks everywhere.

Racketeering has entered almost every phase of life.

But the very life of this nation is now being threatened unless politics can be cleaned up. Unless the favoritism and graft that is now smearing our governmental activities everywhere can be corrected we are racing pell-mell toward destruction.

Honest men in politics, honest men in business—they are so badly needed that the English language is inadequate. No words can properly describe this disgusting situation.

And the queries that should be made about every office seeker at the present time should first and foremost be:

"Is he honest?"

"Is he a square shooter?"

"Is he seeking the office merely to better his financial status, or is he really interested in the welfare of the people?"

In ordinary times it has been said that you are safer in the hands of an intelligent crook than when controlled by an honest fool. But dishonesty is now so rampant, it has become such a colossal influence in every walk of life, that it is the one evil we should battle with all the force at our command.

"Does honesty pay?" is a question that has been asked from the beginning of time. And the answer has always been definitely and convincingly in the affirmative.

But recently there has been a decided change. So many people have been rewarded at times munificently for crooked dealing that we have reason to doubt the accepted belief in the financial rewards of rigid integrity.

But we are to blame for the political stench that at times so severely offends us.

Citizens of this country, it is time we were awakened; our duties as citizens should not be evaded. Either we will assume this responsibility, or the inheritance handed on to us by America's rugged pioneers will be mired in degeneracy so deep that we can never be resurrected.

It is our duty to clean up politics. When we say politics is rotten we must accept our share of the blame. Criminal neglect on our part is the definite cause.

Citizens of this country, stand before the bar of justice! Have you done your part? Have you helped to make politics rotten by neglecting your duty at the polls? Have your duties been fully performed in selecting and voting for candidates?

It is about time we were awakened to the dangers that we are facing. The old-time American reputation for honesty is rapidly disappearing.

Are we to become a nation of crooks and scheming racketeers? Or are we to come out in the open and fight for the upstanding principles which are essential to maintain the high national standards that our ancestors established?

There ought to be a nonpartisan political organization in every community which has for its definite purpose the cleaning up of politics. Honest candidates, honest workers, men and women who have ideals above the dollar mark should be active in politics. They are now standing aloof; they shun their political duties.

And they are the people who should be blamed for rotten politics.

Why not a Political League formed by young men and young women who will be enthused with a fiery determination to take possession of this country and make it what it ought to be? We are all tired of fakes and hypocrisies, scheming racketeering in politics and business that can only lead to degeneracy and oblivion individually and nationally.

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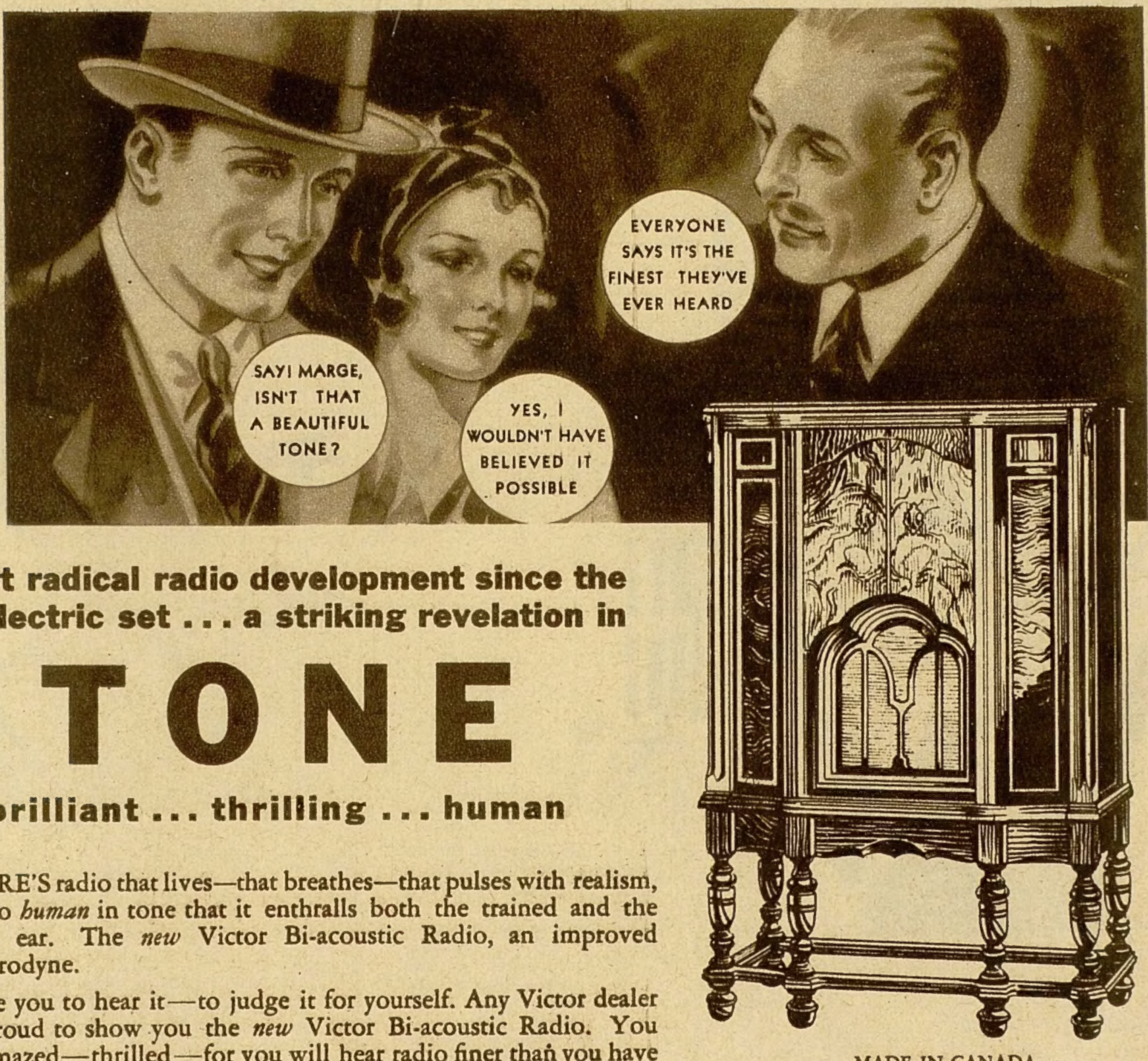
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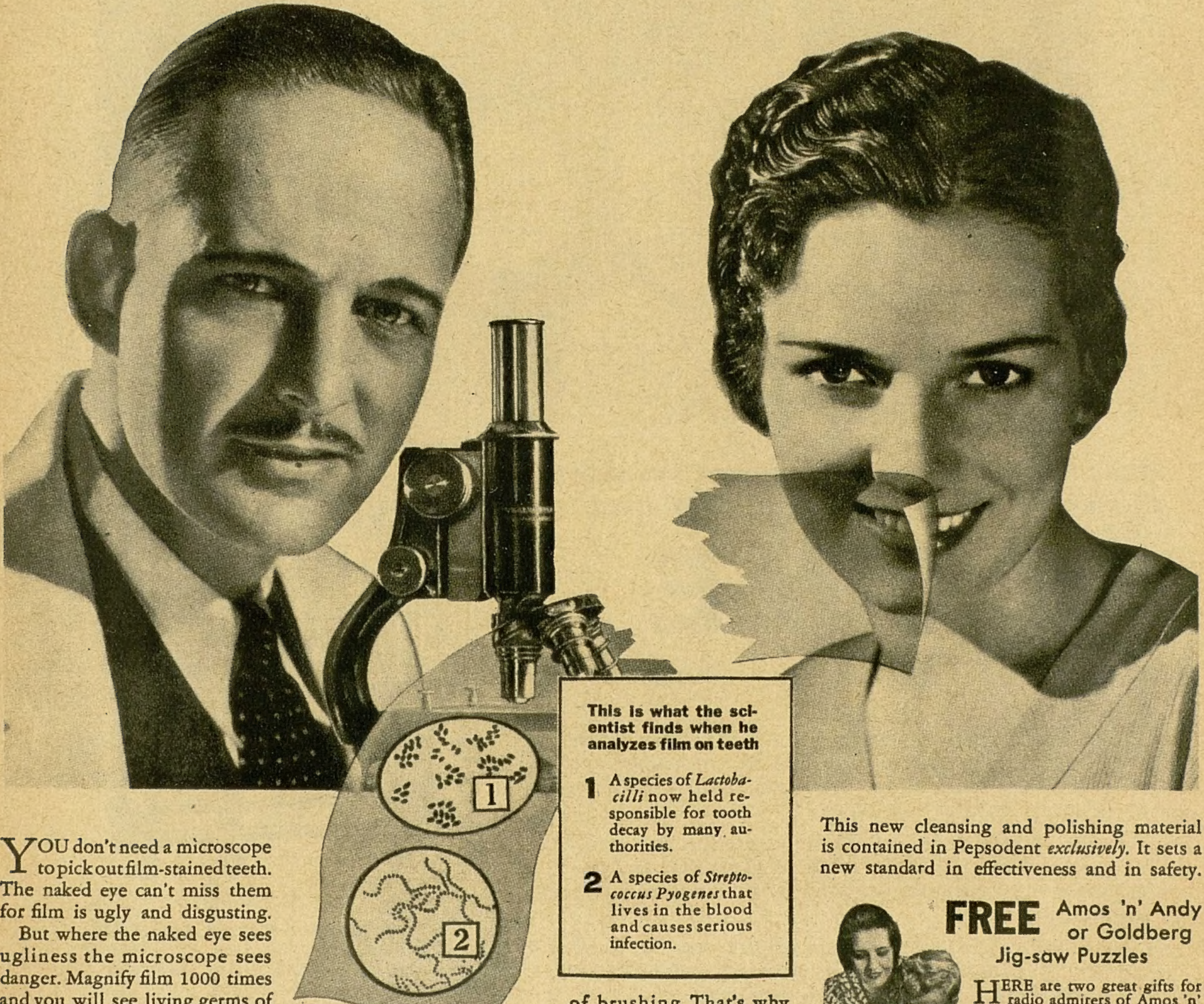
Film on teeth is dangerous!

Just look at film under this microscope

Queer germs live on your teeth. Science links them to tooth decay, gum disorders and many other troubles. Germs are glued to teeth by an ever-forming film.



This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth

1. A species of *Lactobacilli* now held responsible for tooth decay by many authorities.
2. A species of *Streptococcus Pyogenes* that lives in the blood and causes serious infection.

YOU don't need a microscope to pick out film-stained teeth. The naked eye can't miss them for film is ugly and disgusting.

But where the naked eye sees ugliness the microscope sees danger. Magnify film 1000 times and you will see living germs of many kinds. Look especially at those rod-shaped ones in pairs and groups—*Lactobacilli* is their scientific Latin name.

Destroyers of lovely teeth

Lactobacilli are the "germs of tooth decay." They feed on the particles of food that cling to teeth. They give off lactic acid that dissolves the tooth enamel, then devours the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscesses and infection.

Lactobacilli appear in countless numbers. In fact, the film scraped from a single tooth may easily contain one million living organisms. The only way science accepts of destroying germs on teeth is to remove the protective film-coat in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. It defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That's why Pepsodent laboratories have always centered their attention on the film-removing properties of their toothpaste.

A new discovery

Now these scientific laboratories have developed a new and revolutionary material for removing ugly film and polishing tooth enamel.

It is radically different from any found in other toothpastes, different in composition and in action.

Some toothpastes remove film with materials so hard that they scratch enamel. But the new material in Pepsodent is *soft*—twice as soft as the material commonly used in dentifrices. What's more, this new discovery shows extraordinary power in removing stubborn film and giving brilliant polish.

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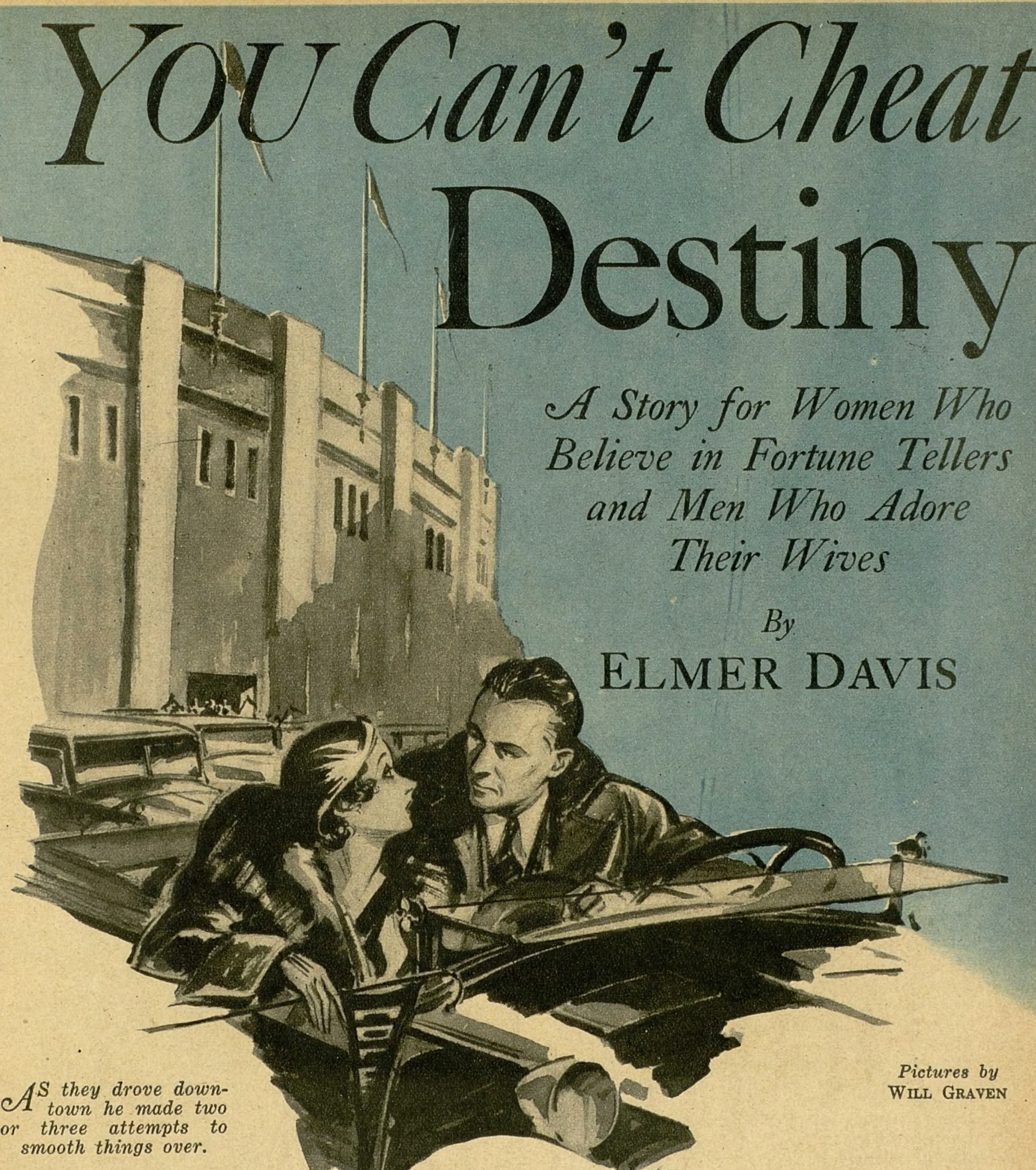
YOU Can't Cheat Destiny

A Story for Women Who Believe in Fortune Tellers and Men Who Adore Their Wives

By
ELMER DAVIS



AS they drove downtown he made two or three attempts to smooth things over.

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN

(Reading time: 18 minutes 56 seconds.)

IT was just after the Cornell-Columbia football game that the Tarbell marriage blew up. A trivial thing set off the explosion; but you don't need much of a detonator when a situation is full of dynamite.

The crowd was pouring down from the grand stands, streaming across the field toward the exit gate in a sulky silence. A long cold afternoon had ended in a scoreless tie, and the teams had been so evenly matched that neither side could console itself with a moral victory.

Jim Tarbell marched grimly along with his hands in his pockets, hat pulled down, and coat collar turned up; and Annette walked beside him, waiting till he felt like talking.

Jim didn't take football too seriously, and always said he came to the games just to see the old friends he didn't often run into downtown. Still, she knew he was depressed because they hadn't beaten Cornell, and his nerves had been so ragged before the game that he couldn't stand much more. For the stock market had been slipping, and he was worried about his margins. (This was back in those days when the stock market still had some place to slip from and people still had margins.)

Suddenly he stood still, waved his hat, called across the crowd.

"Hi, Carl!" A big blond man in a coonskin coat looked up, made his way toward them. "Annette, this is Carl Stromberg. He's a Cornell man, but don't hold that against him. Mrs. Tarbell, Carl."

"Delighted!" said Stromberg. "Heard you were married and meant to call you up, but you know how it is in this town. Cigarette?"

Annette took one; so did Jim, and struck a match. He lit his wife's cigarette, then Stromberg's; but before he could touch the match to his own Annette clutched his wrist.

"Jimmie!" she gasped. "Three lights from a match?"

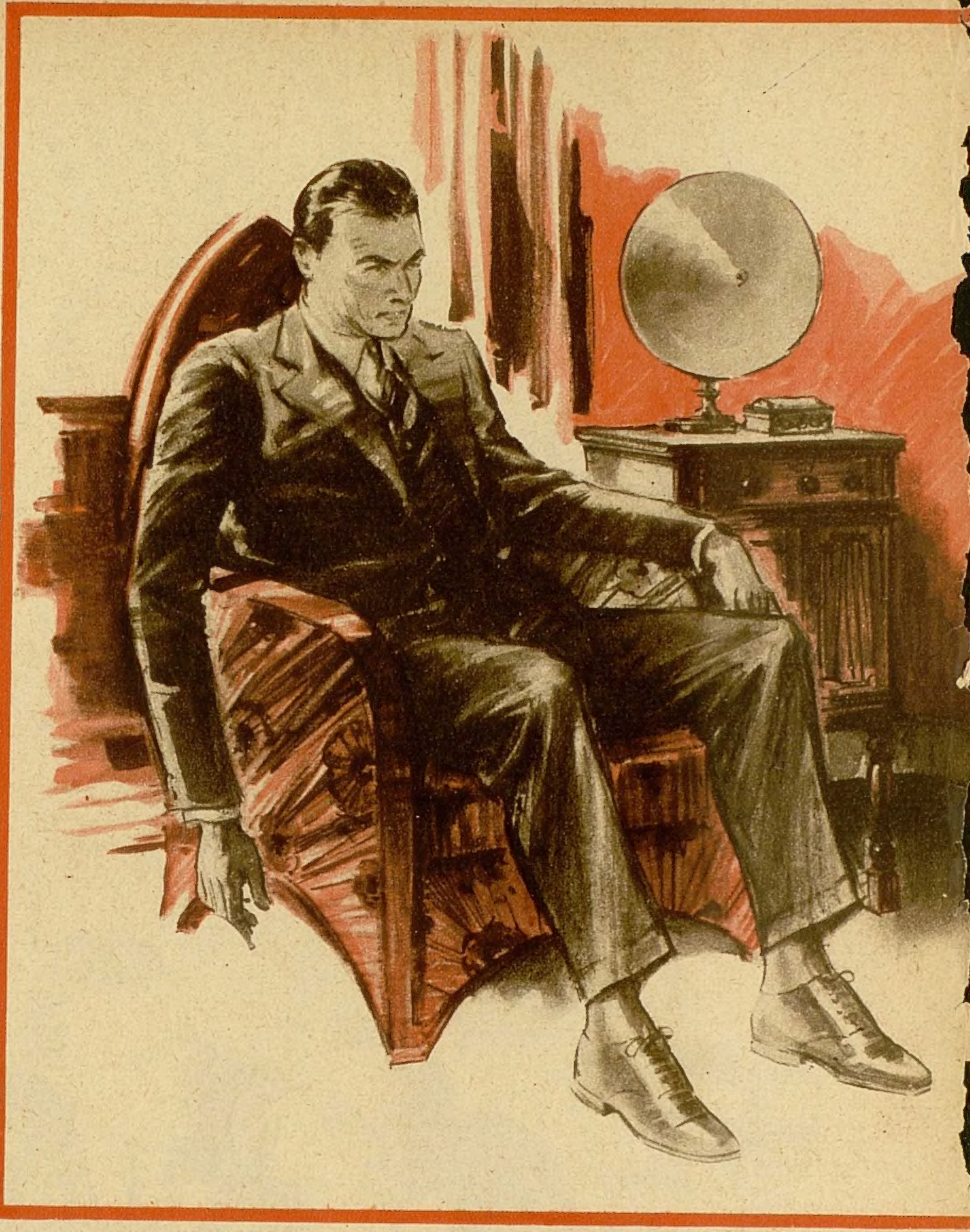
"Oh, for God's sake! If you think that's comedy—"

"Comedy? I certainly don't. Everybody knows it's bad luck!"

They glowered at each other; then he looked apologetically toward Stromberg. But that prudent man had gone, lost himself in the crowd.

"There you go!" said Jim savagely. "An old friend I hadn't seen for years, and before we say two words he's scared away—because you have to make a scene with your silly superstitions!"

At which she only shrugged and walked on. Before they reached their car, parked a block away, he had begun to be ashamed of his display of temper; as they drove downtown he made two or three attempts to smooth things over. But it was no use; all the way from Spuyten Duyvil to Fifty-third Street she sat silent, frigid, inert, in that bleak, impassive indifference that he knew too well, that was worse than any burst of temper, that made him wonder if their marriage hadn't been a disastrous mistake.



"What's the use?" he said at last. "I'm sick of

YET nobody had ever started with brighter prospects. They were a splendid-looking pair, tall and dark and handsome—the King and Queen of Spades, somebody called them who saw their black heads together over a café table.

Each of them was an orphan, free and untrammeled, living alone at a club; and Jim had a good job, and Annette had money; and they were madly in love. At least he thought she was as madly in love as he was, till a week before the date set for the wedding she suddenly told him she could never marry him.

She wouldn't say why; she merely said she couldn't, and then retreated—for the first time—into that bleak, aloof indifference.

He spent that week frantically arguing that she could and must and would marry him; and at last, when he had almost lost hope, she melted suddenly, surrendering in a blaze of emotion that convinced him that everything was all right at last.

What had been wrong he never knew. It would have been tactless to ask her on the honeymoon; and afterward he was less concerned about what had been wrong before they were married than about what was wrong now. Not that he understood that, either; those bleak, cold moods lasted longer and longer, but always in the end she melted, and he was convinced that she really loved him—till the next time they quarreled.

And what *was* wrong? Well, for one thing, each of them had been living at a club, with a room alone, and a big house to move around in among people who didn't much matter. Neither was prepared for the strain of being cooped up in two rooms and a kitchenette with somebody who mattered so much that the discovery of an unexpected flaw was a major disaster.

You can make strange discoveries when you live with somebody else—anybody else—in a two-room apartment. There are people (Jim was one) who like to whistle before breakfast; and there are people (Annette was one) whom unnecessary noise before breakfast drives wild. There are people (he was one) who like a house kept neatly, with everything just so; and there are people (she was one) who like a house to look as if it was lived in.

They could have afforded a bigger apartment, since Annette paid half the expenses; but Jim wanted to live economically so that he could put his savings into common stocks and participate in the growth of the country. (Don't laugh; this was back in those days when a lot of people smarter than Jim Tarbell were doing that.)

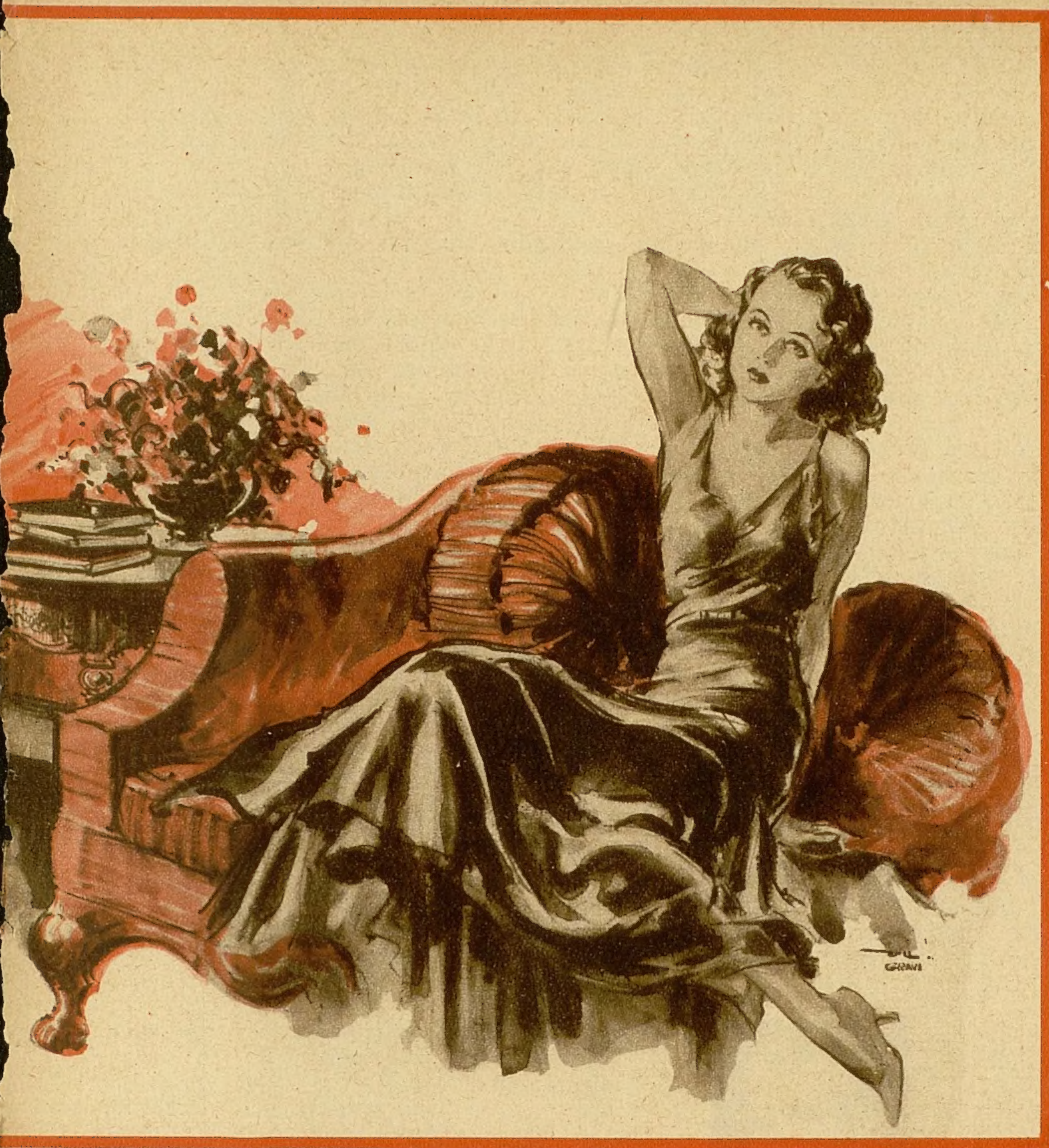
Annette's money was all in government bonds; he used to make fun of her cautious three per cent, and she used to say it was silly to live in a little coop where they were always falling over each other, just so that he could save money to buy stocks that would be worthless after the next panic. And then he would tell her that there could never be another panic in this new economic era; and so it went.

But what annoyed him most was her superstition. She read books on astrology, and seemed to believe them; and once she walked out on a rather important dinner because there were thirteen at the table. He'd thought she was joking when she talked that way before they were married; to find out that she meant it made him ashamed, of her and for her.

BUT all young married people have their troubles, and if they care enough about each other they learn the art of adjustment. What troubled Jim, as they drove home from that football game, was that he had to do all the adjusting; whenever they quarreled his wife retreated into her shell, and it was harder and harder to get her out.

Nevertheless he tried again, after they got home; but she only shrugged, with that familiar maddening indifference.

"What's the use?" he said at last. "They say marriage is an affair of give and take, but I'm sick of giving till it hurts and then taking one on the chin. You never try to get along; when anything goes wrong you just



giving till it hurts and then taking one on the chin."

shrug and quit—as if you thought it was no use trying."

"It isn't," she said drearily. "I ought to have known that. My dear, I tried my best to keep you out of this. I might have known I couldn't—but I did try to break the engagement as soon as I found out."

"Found out what? You never would tell me what was the matter."

"I had my fortune told," she said, "a week before we were married. I learned that I was going to marry a dark-haired man—well, I knew that; and that my first marriage would be a failure—"

"Good God, Annette! And you believed that hooey?"

"It isn't hooey. I had a reading by Mme. la Venga—she's the best in town. She told my aunt not to take the sea voyage she was planning, and my uncle laughed her out of it, and they were both drowned when the Vestris went down—"

"Coincidence. Anybody guesses right once in a while."

"She's been right too often, Jim, to call it coincidence."

"But—this is impossible!" he said. "Why, you're a college graduate! In most ways you're an intelligent woman. The idea that I've been living with somebody who believes what she hears from some fortune teller who's only after the sucker money—"

"Well, who are you to talk? You believe a salesman who tells you that Steel's going to a thousand and Radio to fifteen hundred, when he's only after the sucker money. You believe a politician who tells you that if he's elected everything will be all right, when he's only after the sucker vote. And, anyway," she finished, "you can't deny that Mme. la Venga seems to have been right about us."

"Because you quit," he accused her. "You'd been told it wouldn't work, so you never tried to make it work."

"Oh, I did try, Jim! But every time anything went wrong I felt that everything was going to pieces—Fate isn't something outside you, Jim; it's something inside you. I've studied enough philosophy and psychology to know that. We never had a chance from the first."

"We'd have had a better one if you'd tried harder. . . . So," he said, "it was only your first marriage—with a dark-haired man—that was to be a failure?" She nodded. "Huh!" he grunted. "And I suppose your second marriage, to a light-haired man, will be a big success?"

"That's what she said, Jim. I can't help it."

"Oh, I see. Which of our blond friends have you picked out as my successor?" Now she was furious.

"I haven't looked at another man since I married you! And it isn't because nobody's asked me to, either. No, Jimmie darling, I was crazy about you—so crazy about you that I wanted to spare you all this misery. That's why I tried to break the engagement. But of course it was no use. I was so much in love with you that it was fated that you'd talk me into marrying you anyway. So you see," Annette concluded, "we just couldn't help it. You can't cheat your destiny."

A WEEK later she was in Reno. He knew he could have held her—for a while; but he knew, too, that before long he'd have all this to go through with again, and if it was going to happen he concluded that it might as well happen now. (He was too much upset to notice how closely that philosophy resembled hers.)

So he let her go, and for three days on the train she wondered why he had let her go so easily. You couldn't cheat your destiny, but they might have had a few months more together. She couldn't help wondering if he had his eye on some other woman.

At Reno she found the papers full of news from Wall Street. This wasn't a decline, it was a panic—the panic she had predicted, and that he had said could never happen.

The moment she reached her hotel room she picked up the telephone and put in a long-distance call to New York—but not for the pleasure of saying "I told you so."

"Jimmie darling!" she said presently. "This is terrible! . . . The market, I mean. . . . Yes, being so far away from you is terrible too. . . . But what I meant—if my money would help you protect your margins—"

"No, thanks," he said. "I'll worry along somehow."

"Well, if you want my money just let me know. Any time. . . . You must be feeling rotten, darling. If you'd like me to come back—"

Over the wire his laugh sounded like a raucous cackle.

"Of course I'd like you to come back. But it would only be the same old story, over and over. I've had all of that I can stand."

So Annette spent three lonely, cheerless months in Reno—yes, you can be lonely in Reno, if you happen to hate the sight of men—and came back to New York, free; back to the club where she had lived so comfortably before she was married, and where she was so uncomfortable now.

She missed the little apartment where she and Jim had always been falling over each other's feet and getting on each other's nerves; she missed Jim.

She knew some divorced couples who made a point of going on as good friends afterward, lunching and dining together now and then; but she couldn't stand that. She kept away from the restaurants where she used to lunch and dine with Jim, because she was afraid of seeing him there with some other woman; and so she gradually acquired a new set of habits, a new set of friends who wouldn't remind her of the old days.

Even so, she heard about Jim now and then—heard he'd been pretty badly hit in the stock crash, but was managing to get along; heard that he was working terribly hard, and looking so much older. When she got that news she wanted to call him up and ask him to come and see her; but he'd made it pretty clear that he didn't want her any more, and she had enough pride left—just barely enough—not to bother him. Besides, now that she was free there were other men.

From the very beginning of her life as a divorcee Annette realized that she'd have to be cautious; she mustn't take just any light-haired man who happened to attract her as the Man of Destiny. But she was surprised to find, when men began to try to make love to her, that caution came so easily. There were men she liked, men who stirred her emotions—a little; but no man who made her feel as she had felt about Jim. Besides, marriage had taught her that even if you thought you knew a man pretty well you were likely to make strange discoveries when you shared an apartment with him. Yes, she'd have to be cautious.

Carl Stromberg was a big help to her in those days. When she met him at a party in the spring he was a painful reminder of that football game where her marriage had finally been wrecked, but she forgot that as she came to know him better.

She never thought of him as the Man of Destiny; he was blond as a twenty-dollar gold piece, but emotionally he didn't move her at all. But he was sophisticated, tactful, amusing; she took to telling him all her worries, past and present; by October she counted him her best friend.

ELMER DAVIS

the author of this story, was born in Indiana, and taught school and went to college there; then stepped over to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. Subsequently he did reporting for the New York Times and wrote numerous short stories and novels. He is married and makes his home in New York.

She was immensely and genuinely surprised when he asked her to marry him; she thought it was impossible, and told him so. But he kept after her, and the more she thought about it the less impossible it seemed.

SHE'D made one marriage, against her better judgment, because she had been desperately in love. That sort of thing only got you into trouble. But she knew Carl so well that there was no danger of unpleasant surprises; and the mere fact that her emotions were detached would help her keep her head when anything went wrong, and try to find a way out.

Poor Jimmie; she'd never helped him find a way out.

Oppressed by her conviction that it was hopeless from the start, she'd let him do all the work, and no wonder it had been too much for him.

But that was ancient history; what she had to do now was to make up her mind about Carl. Certainly she'd never met a man with lighter hair. She thought it over for a week, and told him she'd marry him.

That was on a Thursday. Neither of them saw any point in waiting, now that they had made up their minds; Carl had a heavy business deal on hand, but he expected to be through with it by Saturday morning.

"Shall we get married Saturday afternoon, then?" Annette suggested, with a queer feeling that she was walking off a diving board blindfolded, without knowing how much water there was in the pool.

"Let's make it Saturday evening; I've got tickets for the Cornell-Columbia game that afternoon. That was where I first met you, a year ago, and I thought you might like to celebrate the anniversary."

She was utterly dumfounded. He knew—she had told him—that it was after that game that she and Jimmie had finally broken off; she'd never dreamed he was capable of such tactlessness as to propose to take her there again.

Maybe she didn't know him as well as she had thought. But if you'd made up your mind to marry a man you'd have to be prepared to make adjustments; especially when it was the second marriage, the predestined marriage that simply had to be a success.

"All right, darling," she said meekly. "Just as you like."

She couldn't remember that she had ever said that to Jim.

IT seemed so queer to be sitting on the Cornell side of the field; queerer still to be with a man who was frantically waving a big red pennant, and joining in all the college yells as fervently as a devotee making the responses in church. Jim liked to see his own side win, but he didn't take football very seriously, and Annette had never dreamed that Carl did either. But now a Cornell halfback was running seventy yards to a touchdown, and Carl was jumping up and down, screaming madly, battering his derby hat to pieces against his knee— No matter how well you thought you knew a man, you always made strange discoveries.

At last it was over—Cornell 7, Columbia 0. Arm in arm, Annette and Carl went down the steps, were engulfed in the crowd that moved slowly across the field toward the exit gate. A block beyond that gate his car was parked, and in the locked rumble seat were his suitcase and hers; they were going to drive up to Port Chester and get married before dinner. But it was hard to get across the field; there were swirls and eddies in the crowd; Annette and Carl were pushed back and forth. The Cornell band was marching down the field, blaring triumphantly, a snake-dancing procession forming just behind it.

Just ahead of them was a thicker crowd, a livelier swirl; over a mass of heads they saw a goal post swaying, tottering. Carl jerked his arm away from her.

"I've got to get into that!" he said. "Stay here till I come back!"

He plunged through the crowd, flung his weight against the goal post; it cracked, while the crowd yelled madly; slowly it went down. A moment later twenty men had picked it up and were carrying it down the field in the wake of the band—and Carl Stromberg marched at their head, the shattered stump of the goal post propped on his shoulder, his bare blond head bright in the late afternoon sun.

Annette, left alone in the thinning crowd, withdrew her eyes from that incredible spectacle and saw a man standing close by her—his hat pulled down, his coat collar turned up, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Their eyes met, and they both began to laugh.

"I know I used to rub your nerves raw," said Jim Tarbell. "But I never left you flat to go off with a goal post."

Her laughter was shriller now; she couldn't seem to stop it.

"It's so funny, Jimmie!" she gasped, tears streaming down her face. "You don't dream how funny it is! Oh, it's such a scream—"

He caught her shoulders, shook her a little.

"Stop it!" he commanded. "Pull yourself together!"

The touch of his hands steadied her; she grew calmer, managed to stop laughing. But she still shook with long nervous shudders.

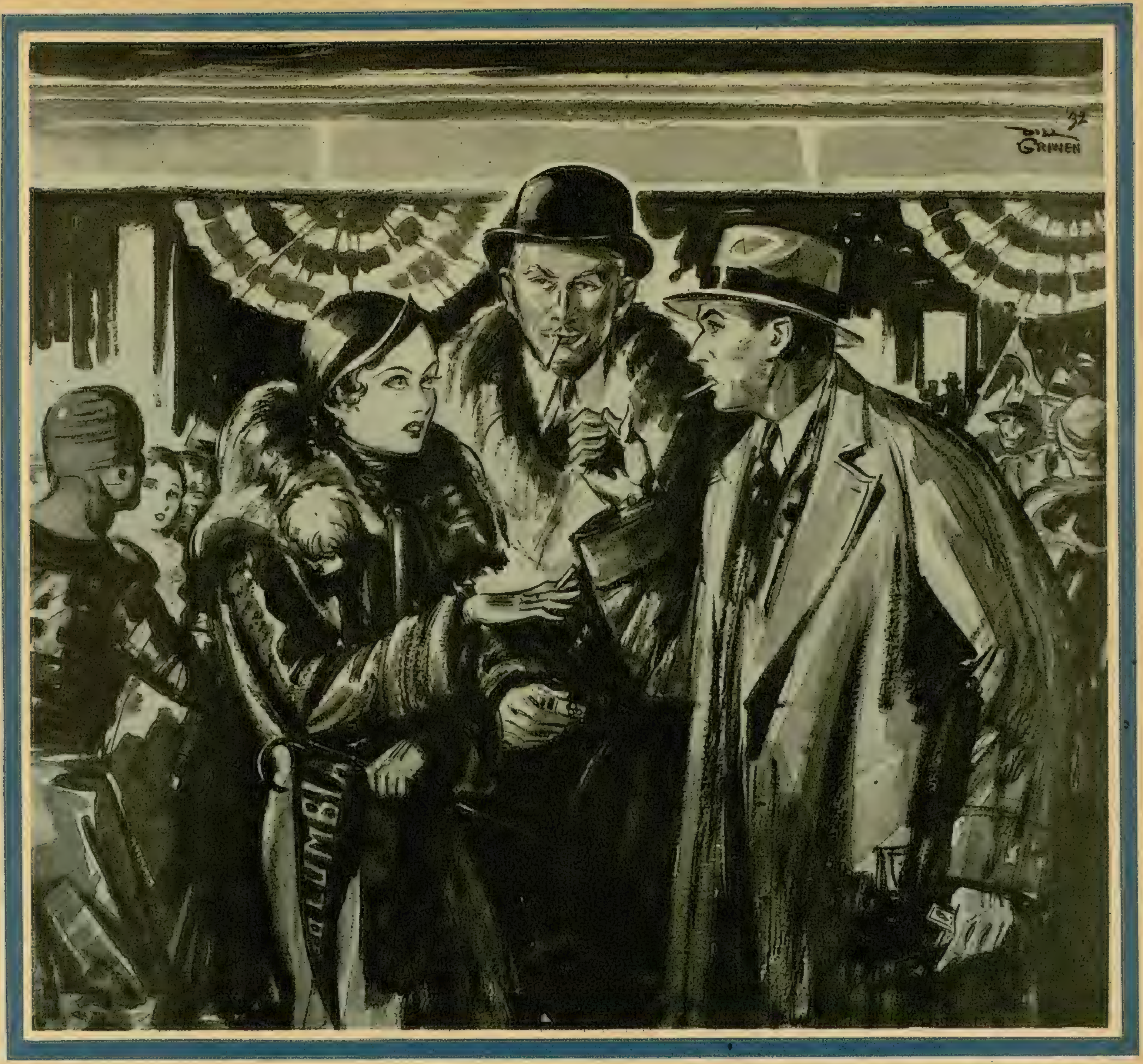
"You need a drink," he told her. "I had a flask, but I forgot and left it in the car."

"Where's the car? Parked in the same old place? Then let's go and get that drink."

"But— What about Carl?" he asked her.

She looked down the field at the snake-dancing parade; Carl's blond head shone in the sunlight, just behind the band.

"He'll never miss me," she said. "He's got a goal post."



He lit his wife's cigarette, then Stromberg's; but before he could touch the match to his own Annette clutched his wrist. "Jimmie!" she gasped. "Three lights from a match?"

It seemed so natural to be walking off the field with Jim; her hand slipped into his arm instinctively. They reached the car, got in; a long drink made her feel better.

"Thanks, Jimmie. Just what I needed. How have you been? I hear you've been working pretty hard."

"I had to," he said grimly. "I lost a lot of money last fall—as you always told me I would. But it taught me a lesson; after this when I get it I'm going to spend it. Most of it, anyway. How are you?"

"Me?" said Annette, lounging back against the cushions. "I never felt better in my life. How do you happen to be all alone, Jim? I'd have thought you'd bring a girl to the Cornell game."

"I'm not interested in girls. Other girls," he added moodily.

"But, my dear! You've got no business thinking about me, after the rotten way I treated you!"

"Well, I do think about you—all the time. Looks as if I can't cheat my destiny," he confessed with a wry grin.

"But, my dear—"

She broke off; a bareheaded blond man in a coonskin coat was coming hastily down the street, toward a car parked some distance away.

"Carl seems to have noticed my absence," she said. "Of course he thought I'd go to his car and wait for him." But she made no move to get out and do it.

"Isn't it funny, Jim? My trousseau's locked up in his rumble seat. We were going to get married before dinner."

"You are? Why the devil do you have to tell me about it? You might let me wait till I read it in the paper!"

"Oh, I'm not going to marry him now, Jimmie. I'm not even going to let him take me home. I'll go home on the subway—unless you wouldn't mind driving off somewhere and getting married to a lady who's left her trousseau in another man's car."

"Oh, my God, Annette! You know I want to! But if you still believe destiny's against us and it's no use trying—"

"I'll try this time, darling! I don't know whether we can cheat destiny or not, but I want to try! I won't quit on you again, Jimmie—and I won't freeze up on you any more, either. Maybe it won't work, but I'd rather be unhappy with you than happy with anybody else. As if I could be happy with anybody else! Please, darling, give me another chance! I don't care if Mme. la Venga did say I'd have to marry a light-haired man—"

He smiled absently.

"I wouldn't worry about that, Annette."

He took off his hat to kiss her, and she saw that his hair had turned white.

THE END

Are We Ripe for a

An Outspoken Warning to Pussyfoot Politicians and Stuffed-Shirts in Business

(Reading time: 10 minutes 35 seconds.)

THERE was a time when Americans believed in political ideas so much that they were ready to fight for them. We fought for national independence, for territory, for states' rights and for the Union, and for democracy and self-determination. Men knew that when you said "politics" you were speaking of the future, and they were willing to suffer and die that the future for themselves and their children might be bright and assured. We did not feel ashamed to hold torchlight parades and to battle for the right to vote. That was the time when a wise and witty foreigner remarked that an American election amounted to a peaceful revolution, and that an American revolution would resemble a violent election.

For an entire generation, now, we have been taught otherwise by the fish-mouthed old men who have run our national affairs. We have been taught that politics don't make much difference, that it only amounts to a choice between a Republican and a Democrat. We have not had a real political election since 1912, when Wilson was elected, and we have not had a really exciting national election since 1896, when Bryan ran for the Presidency.

Even now, timid and purse-proud men in both parties writhe with horror at the idea of an American election deciding everything.

Today we are paying the price for this ostrich policy. We find ourselves facing terrible and urgent problems—problems which won't wait for elections or politicians. We have a cowardly and bewildered Congress which represents the population of the United States as it was in 1910, and which doesn't know how to deal with a post-war world. We have a President who has driven his political supporters practically crazy by his stubbornness and his thin-skinned resentment of any advice or criticism. We have a Republican Party which is held together by political shoe strings and banana oil, and which is drifting toward a split between the East and West. We have a Democratic Party prepared to break up into a split between North and South.

We have had twenty years of government by ballyhoo and twelve years of government by boloney. And now all the accumulated problems of a generation are on our doorstep, at a time when the voters have been paralyzed.

We have at least eight million wage earners unemployed, some of them for years, and Congress has but lately got through squabbling with the President as to what to do about it, and brought forth a compromise measure that he says he can approve. We have debts—not the highfaluting war debts of which we are so sick and concerning which there is such drooling publicity, but the low common-or-garden variety of debts, mortgages, bonds, chattel mortgages, bank loans, crop loans, which impose a burden of ten billion dollars a year on the nation. As a keen English observer remarked of us: "In a country where money is the aim of all social effort, the money lender—the banker—is king!" These debts threaten every business with bankruptcy, every bank with failure, every house owner, rent payer, and farmer with eviction, every pocketbook with legalized robbery. We have a farm population which is living on the verge of misery and starvation in the greatest granary in the world—the Mississippi Valley. We have the most expensive tax system in the world and some of the heaviest taxes—thirty-one cents out of every American dollar goes to pay the cost of grafting, extravagant, and inefficient governments. We have a prohibition system which has financed crime and given to thugs and professional murderers the revenues which would support a great state. We have a tariff which has strangled trade and is destroying both foreign and domestic markets. We have grafters and lobbies who have rendered us powerless to influence or halt the greatest threat to world civilization today—the menace of war in the Far East between Japan and Russia.

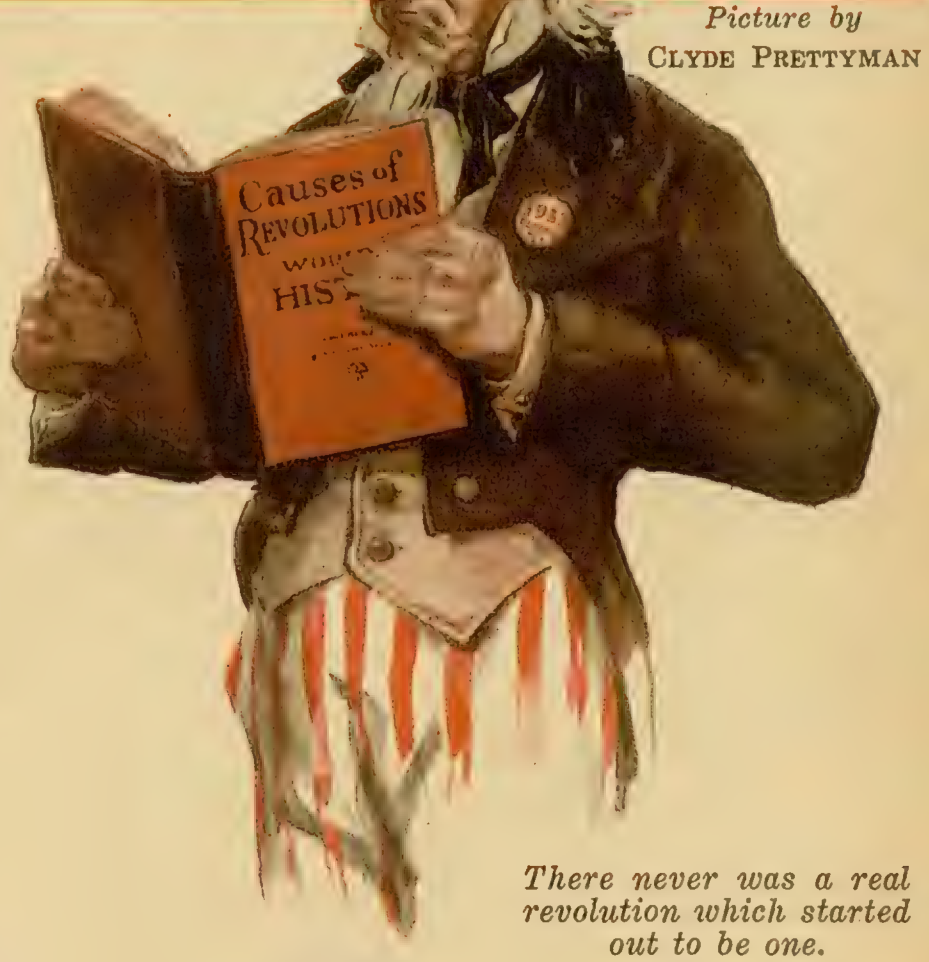
And nothing can be done about it, except to mark your X under the Republican eagle or the Democratic star and hope for the best.

THIS is the stuff of which revolutions are made. Oh, yes! They will tell you in Washington that revolution is impossible in the United States; that all this Communistic talk is so much rot; and that everything will be pretty much as it was before. The people who talk this way are fools; for there never was a real revolution which started out to be one. There are always revolutionary groups in every country, just as the human body harbors many deadly germs which rarely succeed in causing their characteristic disease. But let the system get run down by overwork or poor nourishment, let the poison from an abscessed tooth or an infected tonsil spread, and then anything may happen. We are in just such a state today, and if there is any lesson in history it is that we should go to the operating room quickly if we wish to keep our political institutions from taking a trip to the morgue.

The English Revolution under Cromwell began in a lawsuit against a man named John Hampden who thought he was being unjustly taxed. The tax was unjust but not illegal, and the government won its case; but there was a demand for political reform, and because the king resisted he finally had his head chopped off. The American Revolution began as a well meant and entirely non-revolutionary protest against some perfectly legal taxes and official orders, and it was only with the greatest reluctance that the colonists found themselves forced, by the refusal of King George to settle their grievances, to sign the Declaration of Independence. The French Revolution began as a move on the part of the privileged classes themselves to surrender their privileges and put the national finances in order. No body of men could have been more loyal to King Louis XVI than the Estates General which assembled in Paris in 1789. It was only when the king tried to send them home before their work was done that they became revolutionary. The Russian Revolution itself began as a move to establish constitutional government in Russia and to organize the empire for a more efficient conduct of the war against Germany. It wasn't until Kerensky discovered that what the Rus-

REVOLUTION"?

By JAY FRANKLIN



Picture by CLYDE PRETTYMAN

There never was a real revolution which started out to be one.

sian people wanted was not a successful war against the Germans but a quick peace, not constitutional reforms but food and land, that the Soviet Revolution took place.

For it is the essence of revolution that it should come from within a country and take a form which it is difficult to resist. It is easy for the general or the police commissioner to say, "Shoot 'em down!" But what happens if the soldiers won't shoot? It is easy to do as Kerensky did—surround the government buildings with troops. But what happens if the revolutionists do as Trotsky did?—seize the power plants and the telegraph offices and railway switches. There are a comparatively few spots in the United States today which, if seized by a bold group of revolutionaries, would paralyze the industrial life of the nation. And if the Railway Brotherhoods should turn Communist the country would be powerless to function. However, the powers which control the United States today, and which have milked the country dry in a generation, remember the railway strike of 1919 and the Plumb Plan. And they have taken care that the railway workers are the best paid and the best treated of all the workingmen in the country.

Yet we are ripe for "revolution." The American people are not revolutionists, but they have a lot of common sense and a burning desire to get things done quickly. Our political system makes it impossible to do anything in a hurry. Now suppose that a strongly organized, adequately financed, and well led group of Americans organized a town, a city, or a state, did it quickly and efficiently, and put through a lot of emergency rent and employment-relief laws, cut out the graft, lowered taxes, and sent all the money lenders running to the federal courts for injunctions and appeals. How long do you think it would be before the whole country followed suit? How long would the local election laws and political machines stand up against a thing like that?

It would go like wildfire. People would start yelling "Bolsheviki!" until they discovered that the new group was running the Communists out of town with short shrift. We would have a "revolution" before we knew it.

DON'T forget that nobody paid much attention to the plight of the farmers during the drought until a gang of law-abiding, hundred-per-cent American farmers in England, Arkansas, marched into town and *took*—yes, it was just as crude as that—the food they needed for their starving families. Don't forget that neither the Republican Party nor Herbert Hoover even admitted that there was such a thing as serious unemployment in the United States until hunger marchers appeared in Washington and demanded relief. Not many weeks ago a group of jobless veterans from Oregon decided that they wanted the bonus now and that they would go to Washington and ask for it in person. They started the Bonus March, which brought thousands of miserable and hopeless veterans into Washington, where they established a camp.

They did not get the bonus, but did get something better: the realization that politics is not a game which must be played according to any rules, and that every political system must satisfy its people or face a violent threat against its own stability. Within a fortnight of the time when the bonus was rejected, both Houses of Congress had passed huge relief bills, and only the White House stood between the people and some measure of economic appeasement.

We are not only ripe for "revolution" but we are having one, and we shall have to act quickly if we are going to let it bring us something better than the waste, confusion, and suffering which revolutions usually bring. We need a real "American Revolution," led by Americans, acting in terms of American ideas and ways of doing things, rather than a foreign importation. We don't need Communism, Socialism, Fascism, or even a Labor Party. We don't need a Lenin, a Karl Marx, a Hitler, a Mussolini, or a Ramsay MacDonald. We need an American upheaval which will be led by someone as sane, practical, and American as Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, or Al Smith. And we want it, not because we have any theory of the desirability, need, or character of "revolution," but simply because we want to put this country quickly into a shape in which a man can have a job, take a drink and a smoke, own a house or a farm, marry and raise a family.

We need an upheaval which will prevent our children and their children from starving, killing themselves, emigrating, or sinking into dumb slaves of machinery simply because some future banker guesses wrong about the stock market.

That's the sort of "revolution" we are going to have, and the lengths to which we have to go to stage it will depend entirely upon whether the old boys who got us into our present mess are ready to take it lying down or will put up a fight for the divine right of the moneybags and the stuffed-shirts to make millions of Americans miserable in the name of the law and the profits.

THE END

Mrs. Bartlett's Toby

The Story of a Youngster Nobody Wanted and a Grandma They Couldn't Lick

(Reading time: 24 minutes 3 seconds.)

Part One—Two of a Kind

THE directors' room of a large banking house. A meeting in progress. Little old fat men. Tall old thin men. All very serious. Pompous gentlemen. Suave gentlemen. All very somber, perched before their spotless blotters, reports, cumbersome individual inkstands.

Bartlett, Reed & Company. Railroads, Mills, Mines. International finance. The controlling force in the lives of millions. Dollars. Shillings. Marks. The name resounded around the world. An ambassador bowed in Buenos Aires. And gunpowder reeked in China. Coal for the engines. Steel for the girders. Gold for the purses. Bartlett, Reed.

At the head of the table Sophia Bartlett sat. Large, heavy-jowled. Sixty. Her hard old voice showed that she was in complete command of this, of any situation. A cantankerous old bully, she will be obeyed. The most important woman in American finance. A terror to her enemies. Always a trial to her associates. Friendless. By the hard, shrewd brilliance of her mind she had made her word law.

Jumping to his feet, a little man spoke. A rapid staccato, a machine-gun volley of words.

"Some day the Chilean government will build a railway to the Obispo mines. That will cut transportation costs in half—"

Sophia's voice boomed: "And bandits will blow up the tracks. I say we sell. That damn' mine never brought any return anyway."

A youngish, thinnish, palish man rose.

"I agree with Uncle Adolph," he whispered. "We must look into the future. Some day that mine—"

Sophia rose. Her eyes were hard, her chin out. Banged on the table. "I say we sell. And, by God, that's the end of it."

She pushed back her chair. Stalked from the table. The others struggled up. Wilted. Secretaries rushed around Sophia. Miss Martin, timidly, lists in hand, reminded her of calls, important conferences on the day's calendar. Miss Blair trotted along beside her. The meeting of the hospital board. The announcements of the charity bazaar. The fitting of her new dress. Sophia waved them aside.

"Got one of those damn' family matters on hand. Cancel everything for today. Can't be bothered."

And she disappeared.

IN the hayloft of a barn a group of youngsters sat in solemn conclave. A fat little boy, red-haired, spoke: "Why should we fight the Middletown gang anyway? They never did nothing to us."

A tall boy, all knees, elbows, got up. "And they're bigger. Gee . . ."

A small figure stood on an apple box. "I say we fight 'em, and, by gosh, that means we fight 'em!" His lower jaw protruded. His lip stuck out. The same kind of dominance that showed itself in the face of old Sophia.

This was Toby. Silence. He stood a moment, glaring at his gang. "I've gotta importunt fam'ly confrance comin' on. Gotta go." And started down the ladder.

Across the pasture he ran. Across the hilly lawn sloping down to the sound. Around the greenhouses. Entered the house, slamming the door. Up the stairs, two, three at a time. In his room he threw himself on the bed. Bit his lip. Fisted hands covered his eyes, full of

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By

CHARLES ALAN *and* JOHN ENTENZA

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

tears. Hearing footsteps approaching down the long hall, Toby jumped to his feet, ran to the large bureau, snatched a pair of brushes, and began vigorously brushing his hair. Plastering it down. The door opened. Toby's father entered.

"You don't feel too sad because I'm leaving, do you, son?"

Toby continued brushing.

"I'm sorry to go—leave you alone." Mr. Bartlett put his hand on Toby's shoulder. "But someone has to see what's the matter with those Mexican wells, and," he smiled vaguely, "I guess I'm the goat."

He looked at Toby in the mirror. Waiting for an answer. But Toby just continued brushing.

"I guess I haven't been much of a dad. Guess we should have been better pals since mother left us. But I've been pretty busy. But when I come home we're going to be real friends, aren't we? We'll have a swell time, won't we? We'll go riding. I'm having the new mare broken for you, Toby."

Toby put down the brushes. He turned slowly.

"Why don't you take me with you, dad? Gosh, I'd like awfully to go. Please?"

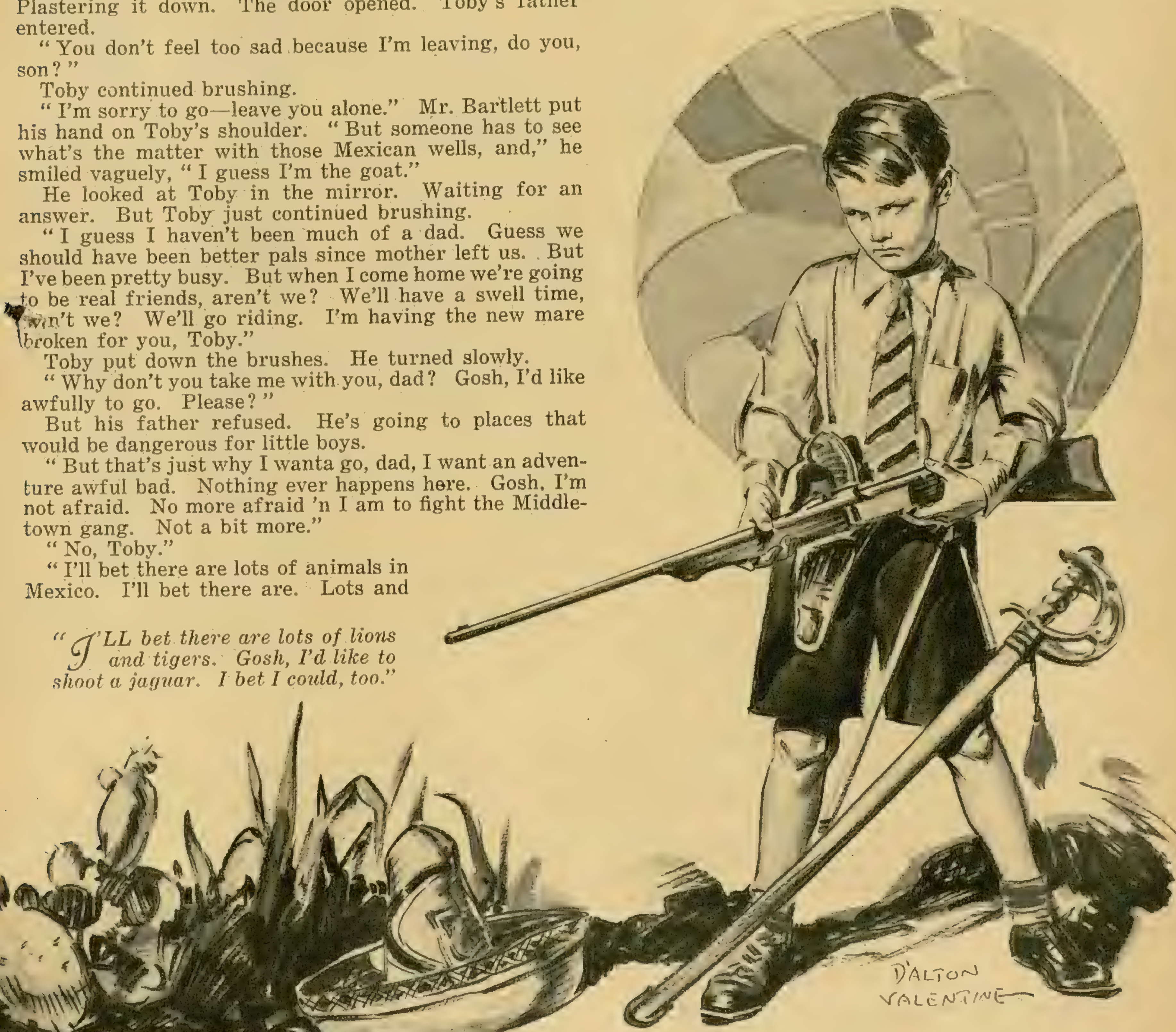
But his father refused. He's going to places that would be dangerous for little boys.

"But that's just why I wanta go, dad, I want an adventure awful bad. Nothing ever happens here. Gosh, I'm not afraid. No more afraid 'n I am to fight the Middletown gang. Not a bit more."

"No, Toby."

"I'll bet there are lots of animals in Mexico. I'll bet there are. Lots and lots of lions and tigers. I'll bet they have jaguars too. I could bring the gun Aunt 'Liza gave me last Christmas. Gosh, I'd like to shoot a jaguar. I bet I could, too."

"I'LL bet there are lots of lions and tigers. Gosh, I'd like to shoot a jaguar. I bet I could, too."



"But Mexico is no place for little boys. There are lots of bandits and things."

"And that's just why I wanta go. You need pertection. I could bring my gang too. Then we could take turns pertecting. Please, dad, please."

A servant knocked. Entered. Bowed. "Mrs. Bartlett has arrived, sir. And the rest are waiting."

Toby's father turned as he reached the door.

"I'll send for you when the conference is over," he said, closing the door behind him.

Toby gazed into the mirror. Teeth clenched. He picked up the brushes. Smoothed his hair violently. The sharp bristles scratched his head. He didn't wince.

The library. A rich, dignified room. The people gathered in it today were sleek. Beautifully mannered and important. At least very important to themselves. They were gathered to decide what was to become of Toby during his young father's absence in Mexico.

Until Sophia entered they had been chattering busily. "Times are so hard. I've laid up the Mercedes. Really, no one knows what the world is coming to." "And I heard that you can get them for two seventy-four at Lacy's. I'll send John tomorrow. I hate crowds." Then Sophia had entered. Had surveyed the group. She had said, "Well?" And sat down. But no one had answered.

Now the atmosphere was easier. Toby's father finally appeared. Now we can get down to business.

"Of course, Harry and I would be more than delighted to take care of Toby." Cousin Ellen was speaking. "But we have just planned a trip to Bermuda, so you see it's—well—really impossible."

"And we would love to help," Aunt 'Liza arranged her silver fox, "but we have closed the house and just taken a couple of rooms at Pierre's."

"What about a governess or a tutor? Someone who could give him the proper care?" asked Cousin Harry, always practical.

Toby, all scrubbed and clean, listened outside the door. His father was speaking.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," he was saying, "that I am forced to ask you. But it's in your interest that I'm going to Mexico. After all, you are the only ones who can help. I'd hate to leave the boy all alone with some strange governess. After all, you are the family."

They preened themselves. Yes, after all, they were the family.

Toby's hands clenched the big brass door knob. His face flushed. He was very angry.

"Dear Sophia," 'Liza clucked sweetly, leaning timorously forward, "dear Sophia, why don't you take the child? After all, you are the boy's grandmother. His poor mother was your only child."

SOPHIA glared. "Impossible and silly," she barked. "Impossible. As it is, I've got all the family responsibility. Slave over your damn' affairs. How can I manage a child? Haven't had one around the house for years."

Cousin Emily sighed. A soft, prim creature, she had done all the family chores for years. In her voice were many martyrdoms as she said, "Well, as usual, I suppose I'll have to do it."

Toby, unable to restrain himself any longer, rushed into the library. Stood in the middle of the floor. He looked at them all squarely.

"I don't want to be with anyone that don't want me. I don't wanta live with you people anyway. If I can't go away with my dad I'll run away and I won't care if you're sorry or not. I won't even write you a letter. Not ever."

He was on the verge of tears. His lower lip stuck out. He glared at them. Shouted: "I hate you! Hate you! All of you. You're all just silly fools!"

There was a moment of silence. Toby gulped. No one spoke. Suddenly practical, he continued, "I can stay at Jimmy's house. They like me over there. And they have ice cream every Sunday. I'll stay there till a circus comes I can go away with."

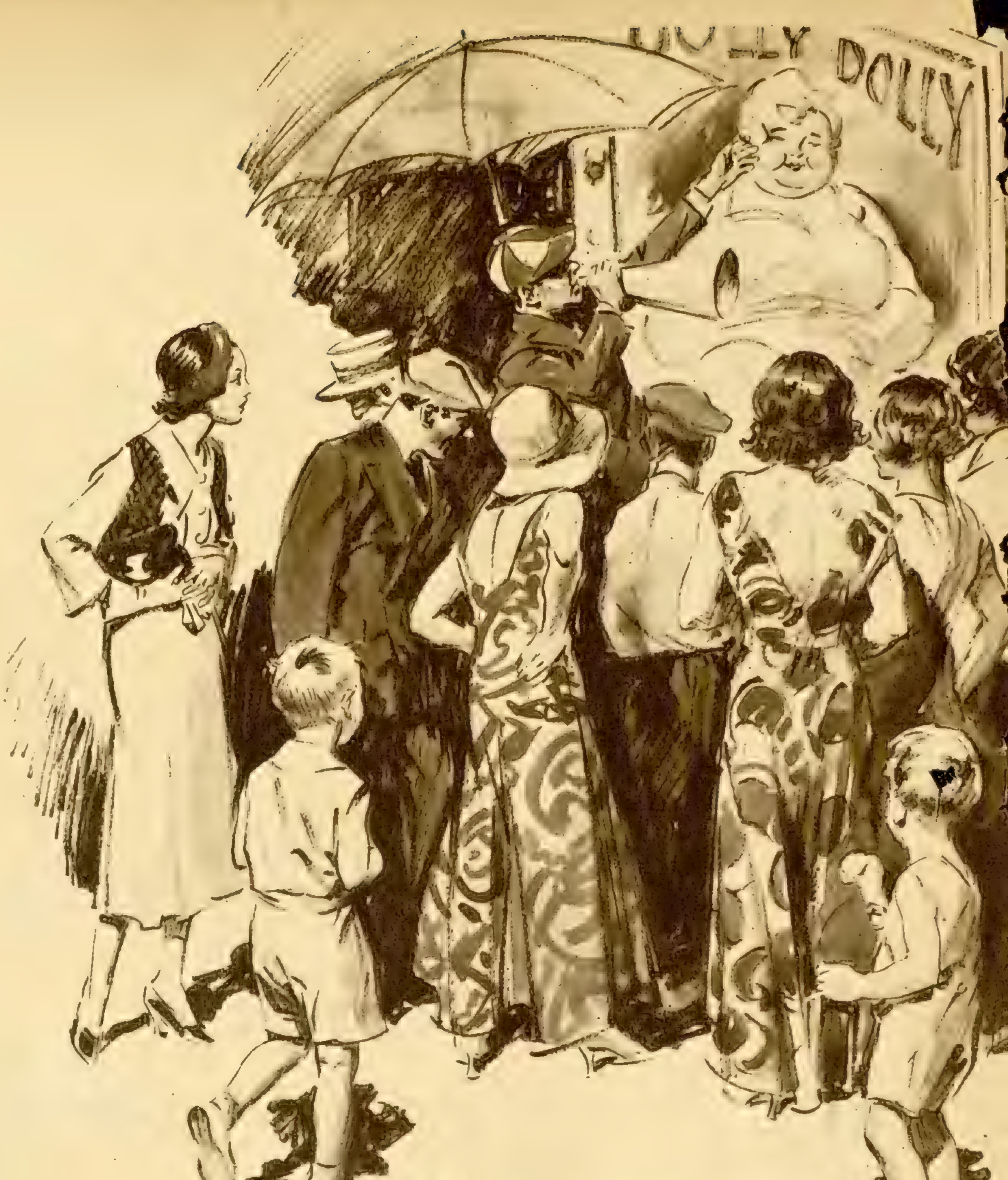
Then Toby ran from the room. Most of the relatives were horrified. But Sophia chuckled to herself. That lower lip. It's just like hers. Nervy little tike to talk to people like that. He's got guts. She liked people with guts.

Cousin Emily was shocked by Toby's bad manners.

"Well," she said, "I see that certain of the least desirable of the family characteristics are coming out in Toby." She beamed at the others. "You may be sure that when I take him I'll make him into a little gentleman. I'll break him," she looked toward Sophia, "of that distressing temper."

Sophia looked at Cousin Emily. Sophia's rage mounted. "Like hell you will. That child is coming to my house." Her jaw was set. "So they'll make a little gentleman out of him, will they? So they'll beat the spunk out of him until he becomes just another country-club fop? In a pig's eye they will!"

There were protests.



MORE concessions. More hot dogs. Sophia won a goldfish. Won a Kewpie doll.

"After all, dear Sophia," clucked Aunt 'Liza, "your lonesome house in town is not the place for a child."

"There are only the servants there," chimed in Cousin Emily, "and you will have so little time for him."

"Yes," said Cousin Hamilton, "after all, Sophia, after all, you are a very busy woman."

All leaned forward anxiously. Sophia rose. *That* look was in her eye.

"Toby is coming to my house—and that's the end of it."

And that *was* the end of it.

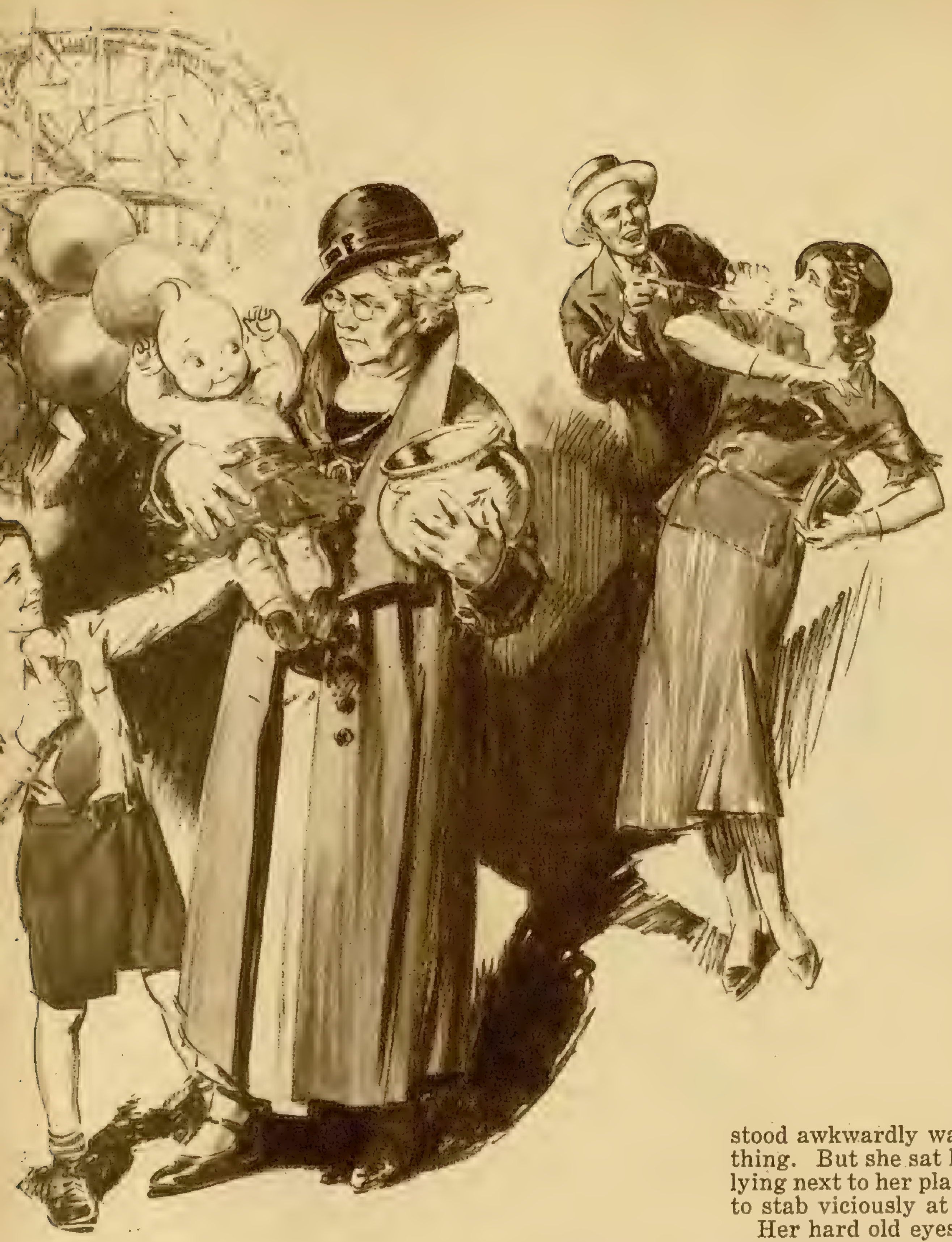
A GRAY day in the city. A closed car stopped in front of a New York town house. A tremendous, forbidding, dark pile. 1662 Fifth Avenue. The great Mrs. Bartlett's house was pointed out to all sightseers. A towering Renaissance building. Where the shades were always drawn.

Toby climbed out of the limousine; stood, a tiny figure before the great doors. Rang the bell bravely. But its clamor was lost in the depths of the mansion. The door swung open. Toby's things were handed to the manservant. The door swung shut. The hall was huge, dim, terrifying.

Through corridors, into elevators, down halls, past rooms that would be swell for peeking into, Toby followed the servant. And finally arrived at a suite of rooms which had just been opened and put into shape for him.

Toby asked for Gramps. And was told that Mrs. Bartlett would be home from her offices at five. Then he was left quite alone.

He sat on the mountainous bed. A defiant, self-reliant



little figure, making up his mind that he didn't like this place at all at all. He ran to one of his bags. Struggled with the catch. Suddenly the bag sprang open. A collection of odds and ends spilled across the floor. A small battered boat. A large roll of kite string. Some marbles. A good whittling stick. Carefully he picked them up. Neatly he arranged them on a dresser. Then he stood, immobile, staring at them, at his own reflection in the mirror.

FIRST he was puzzled at the awful silence. Then became very sorry for himself. But before permitting himself a good cry he looked around the room. Opened the door. Yelled "Hey!" Except for the echoes in the interminable corridors, there was no answer. He listened, rigid, then threw himself on the bed and sobbed.

A door opened silently. Martha, a housemaid, entered. A thin, scraggly creature with beautiful nervous hands. A weak, sympathetic mouth. Large, hurt eyes. She stood watching the small figure on the bed. Then, in a meek, uncertain, worried voice, asked, "Could I do anything at all, sir?"

Toby, startled, sat up on the bed. Dashed the tears from his eyes. He was furious at being caught this way. Glared at her.

"Yes," he said fiercely, "if you tell anybody I been crying, I'll—I'll cut your throat!"

Martha was startled. Then amused. She pretended to be very serious.

"Oh, no, sir. But I have time off and I thought you might be sorta lonesome."

Toby looked at her. Recognized a friend in this strange land.

"Well," he conceded, "I sorta am—just a little."

Martha told him she was one of the downstairs help. It was her job to "do" the stair hall. She had been doing the stair hall for five years.

"And," she continued, "you'd never believe how particular Mrs. Bartlett is about the banisters."

"Dusting banisters for five years," commented Toby, "sounds like a pretty dumb sorta job."

"Sometimes I think it is, too," Martha admitted. Then, leaning close to him, she whispered confidentially, "Don't breathe it to a soul."

IN her dressing room Sophia Bartlett was being hooked into a gown. She was impatient, glad when the procedure was completed. She strode from the room, down the innumerable halls. As she stalked down the gigantic staircase she ran her handkerchief along the banister. Reaching the foot of the stairs she looked at it. There was no speck of dust. And she was pleased.

In the great dining room Toby stood waiting. Sophia entered. Toby expected to be greeted. But she hardly noticed him. He stood awkwardly waiting for her to say something, anything. But she sat herself at the table, picked up reports lying next to her place, started reading them as she began to stab viciously at a grapefruit.

Her hard old eyes riveted on the papers, she had completely forgotten Toby. He went to her. Put his arms around her neck. She started. And was annoyed. The papers fell into the butter. She was grouchy. Motioned Toby to his place. Went on eating. Toby was served, but had no appetite for the food before him. He made attempts at conversation. But Sophia, busy once more, barked at him. Then he gave up. Watched her sadly. And soon she put down the papers. Grunted an order to a servant. Settled down to her food. Then she seemed to remember Toby. Quite ready to talk now, she asked him questions. But he refused to answer. Sophia, surprised, wanted to know what the matter was.

"I'm having a confrance with myself," he told her, "and I'll thank you to stop disturbing me."

Sophia snorted. This was something new. Why, the little brat! And in her own house! She started to growl at him. But was arrested by a grim, hard look in his eye. Then she saw his mouth was set. She stopped. She could not help smiling to herself. She knew what this meant.

The next day Cousin Emily just looked in to see how things were going. She was one of those annoyingly helpful people who are always so maddeningly right about little things. She trotted into the parlor, teetered on the edge of her chair. She talked to Sophia about Toby. His clothes. His feeding: The things he should do. The things he should not do. "I've had three, you know, Sophia. Children are such a problem. A mother's work is never done. Now I would suggest—"

"But I don't want, I don't need any of your suggestions," Sophia interrupted, scowling, "I've had a child of my own. What if the boy does need socks? I can buy socks as well as anyone else, thank you. I bought clothes for my own child."

"Yes, but that was so long ago."

"Yes, years ago, but what of it?"

As Sophia advanced toward her, Cousin Emily shrank.

"You take care of your own three brats," Sophia shouted, "and I'll take care of Toby!"

"I didn't really mean to interfere," Cousin Emily murmured, "but there are so many things that a woman who has lived alone for so long ought to know."

Sophia was annoyed. This empty-headed nincompoop trying to tell her how to do things. Silly fool. Prattling idiot.

Cousin Emily backed toward the door, Sophia marching after her, shouting. "Don't you think I can take care of Toby? I've taken care of railroads and mines and factories. And I can certainly take care of Toby. Toys? Of course, I'm going to buy him toys. A railroad train. The biggest one you ever saw. All boys like trains and kites. Do you think I'm a ninny? I know better than you!"

She showed poor Emily out. The unfortunate little woman left, upset, but secretly satisfied that, after all, she had done her duty.

SOPHIA slammed the door. Stood a moment. She supposed she really ought to see how his rooms had been fixed up. There were things a boy liked to have in his room. She hadn't thought to see how they had arranged things.

Sophia Bartlett gave orders. She pushed her papers aside. She shouted at a secretary that if anyone called, Mrs. Bartlett was out. She lumbered from the library.

Across rooms, up in elevators, down halls, until she came to Toby's room. The door was open. She heard voices. Martha's and Toby's. The conversation was about her. She stopped to listen. Her face hard. Curious. She hated eavesdropping. Started to go. But was arrested by a very pointed remark about herself.

Toby was being very charitable.

"Gramps is really a very nice old woman," he was saying, "pretty crabby sometimes, but a good scout if you can manage to kid her along. The only thing, she wears the most gosh-awful hats."

Martha agreed that the hats were pretty bad.

Sophia entered the room. Loudly, bluffly, as though she had just come dancing down the hall and hadn't heard a word. She gave Martha a fierce look. The terrified girl rushed from the room.

"Well," Sophia began, "how is Toby getting along? Do you like the room? Is everyone being nice to you? Have you been to the park? Have you seen the animals in the Zoo?"

Toby was stunned by this volley of questions.

"Yes, Gramps," he answered. "I haven't been minding it a bit." He surveyed the room. "Nice place you've got here. And the food is good too."

"Well, that's very nice of you," Sophia said somewhat awkwardly.

There was a moment of embarrassed silence.

"Tomorrow is Sunday," Sophia continued at last, "and I thought we might go somewhere together."

"Well, that's a pretty good idea." Toby paused. Then said quickly, "You're not suggesting Sunday school, by any chance?"

"No, not Sunday school."

"Well, I like to go to bird stores, but that's the trouble with Sundays. There aren't any bird stores open."

They made various suggestions to each other, but none of them seemed so awfully good. Sophia decided she would think it over and make it a surprise.

Later, in the library, she was trying to think of something that would amuse Toby and not bore her to death. She called in a manservant.

"William, where would you take a boy of nine on a Sunday afternoon?"

William didn't know; perhaps a drive in the park. Sophia decided William was a damn' fool and sent for Martha.

"Martha, where do you think Mr. Toby would like to spend a Sunday afternoon?"

"Well, Mrs. Bartlett, I'm sure Coney Island is just the place." Sophia scowled. "You see, ma'am, there's so much goin' on. Yes, ma'am, I've always said if you want a day's good clean fun just go to Coney Island." Sophia frowned. "There's wheels and chutes and fun houses," Martha was enthusiastic, "hot dogs, and places you get the grandest pillows if you can throw a dart through a balloon."

"Then," said Sophia, "you suggest Coney Island?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's the place. Yes, siree, Coney is the place for kids. Why, ma'am, Coney Island is—"

Sophia glared at her. "If you say that name once more, Martha, I'll wring your neck."

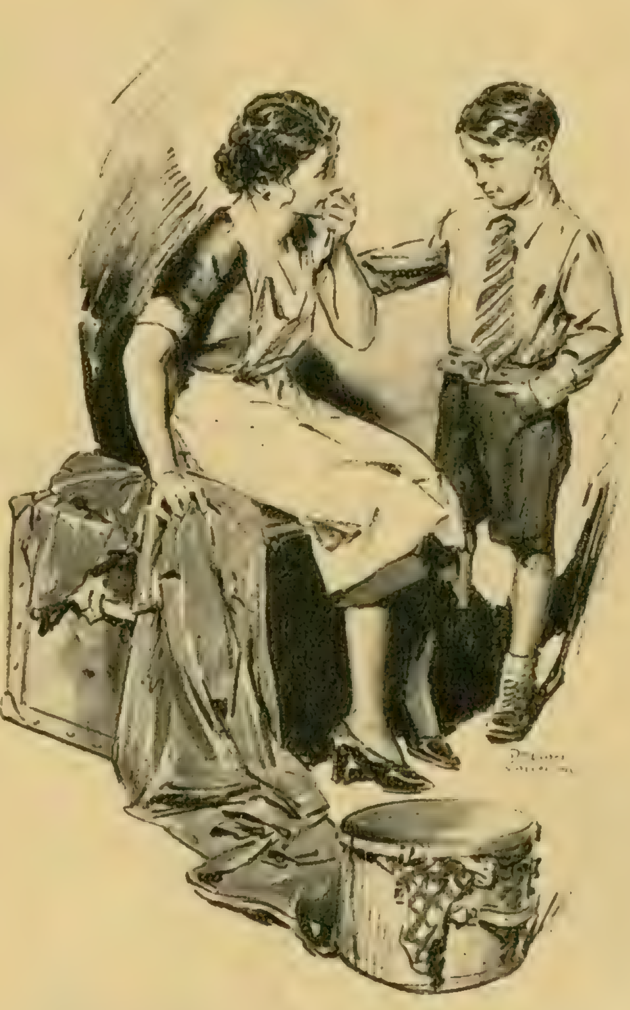
Martha left in confusion. Sophia sat muttering. Coney Island.

My heavens, what a fine sight that would be! Mrs. Sophia Bartlett. *The* Mrs. Bartlett at Coney Island. Ridiculous. At this moment Toby rushed in.

"Oh, Gramps," he exclaimed, "what a swell idea! Martha told me that—"

"Yes, I know," Sophia interrupted, resigned to her fate; "we're going to Coney Island."

The terrible thing was done. Sophia Bartlett was helpless.



"Oh, no, Mr. Toby," Martha sobbed. "When she fires people, they stay fired."

CONEY ISLAND. Luna Park. Hot dogs. Steeplechase. The Fun House. People. Noise. "Step right this way. . . . All for one dime. The tenth part of a dollar. See the lady cut in two. Ride the Gigantic Thunderbolt. Buy your pop corn here." Bedlam, Coney Island.

Toby was speechless. Sophia wanted to remain in the car. Let Toby go with the chauffeur. But Toby would not have that. Together they advanced into the madness of the Sunday crowd. She was in a very bad humor. Going out with a nine-year-old boy to spend the day at a place where a crowd of sweating idiots get on and off a lot of absurd gadgets.

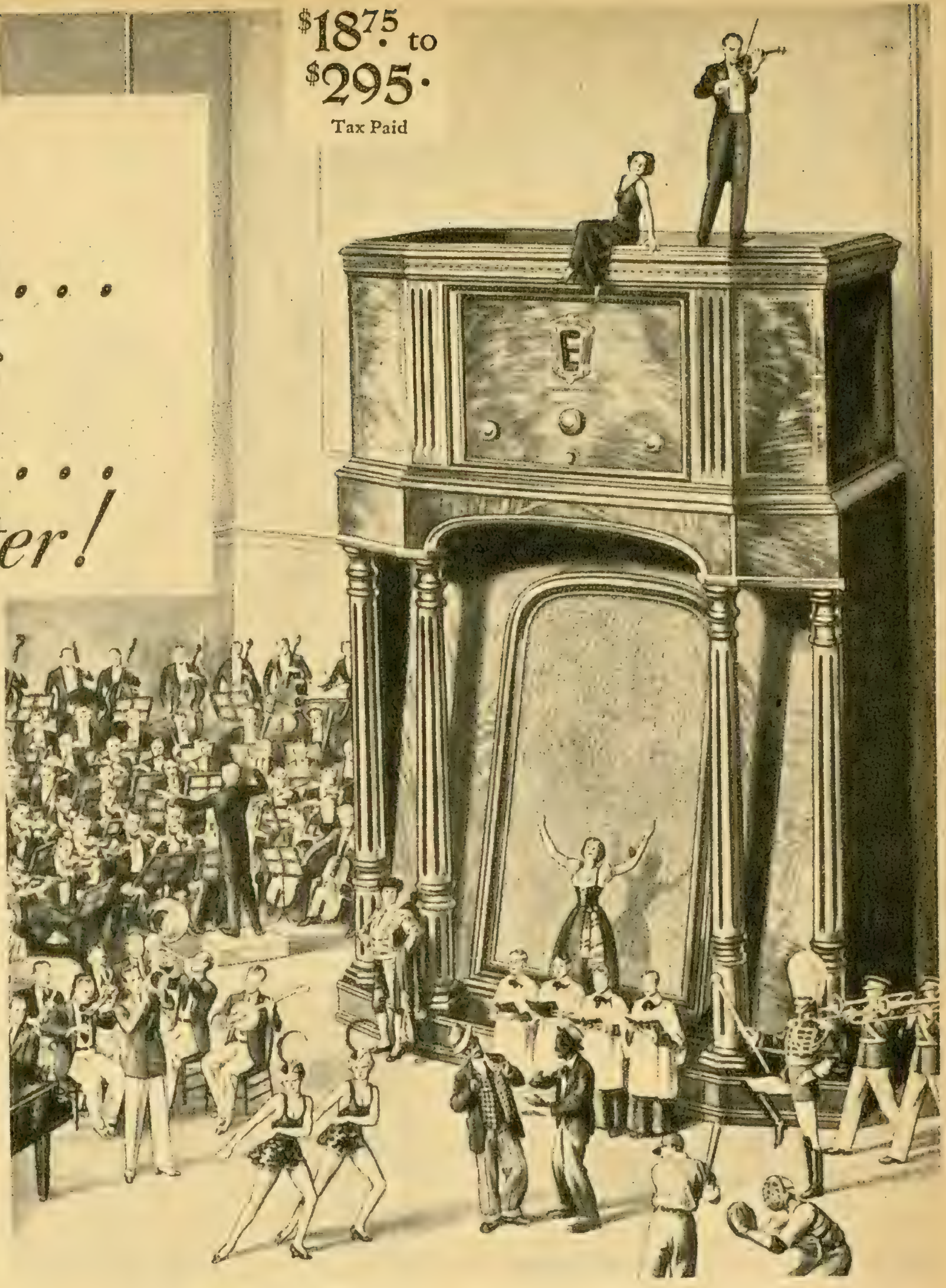
Sophia protesting, Toby led her into a maze. They walked into mirrors. Walked into panes of glass. Toby was thrilled. Sophia was bored. She squeezed through the narrow passages. Will they never get out of the place? Suddenly they came upon a series of curving mirrors. They looked. There was Sophia Bartlett, a tremendously fat, squat figure. Here was Toby, as tall as she. Here she was being drawn out until she strangely resembled a string bean. Toby was delighted. Sophia was furious. To make a fool of herself in front of all these people. Humph!

They were on the street once more.

"All right," said Sophia, exhausted. "Now we'll go home. We'll stop for ice cream." She glanced at Toby. "Now," she said, "we've been to Coney Island."

Toby was dismayed. "But, Gramps," he pleaded, "let's do just one more thing.

(Continued on page twenty)



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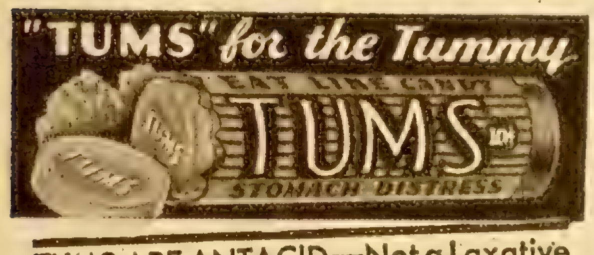

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(Continued from page eighteen)

Please, Gramps, just one more."

Sophia sighed. For the first time in her life she was too tired to fight.

They forced their way through the crowd. Sophia muttering at the people jostling against her. Somebody pushed her from behind, from the front. This place was a bedlam. They ought to be arrested. She pulled Toby out of the stream of people. They found themselves at the entrance of the Gigantic Thunderbolt.

"Only ten cents, lady! Makes the old young! Only one dime! The tenth part—"

"That's what I always wanted," Toby clamored. "Look how high it is! Gee—"

Sophia bought tickets. At least she could take it sitting down. Arranged herself in her place. Stretched the strap around her stomach. Then the car started. This seems all right. A nice breeze. And you get a pretty good view of the place. Settled back. The car climbed. And suddenly lurched. She clutched Toby. It went faster now. Zoom! Into a black tunnel. Out again. Then up and up and up. How high is the thing? A moment at the top. The whole world was below them. Then the awful drop. Sophia was livid. Toby petrified with excitement. Around corners. More dips. Sophia screamed, "I've got to get out of this thing!" The car dashed into its last dip. Then straightened out. Slowed down. Stopped. The crowd piled off. Sophia just sat, catching her breath. The barker approached.

Charles Alan, although only twenty-four, has studied art abroad, worked with Norman Bel Geddes on the settings for stage plays, did similar work in the movies, has almost finished a novel, and at present is stage manager in a New York theater.

John Entenza has lived in various parts of the United States, and at present makes his home in Los Angeles, Calif. He is twenty-eight years of age, and after leaving the University of Virginia went into newspaper work in California.

"ANOTHER ride, lady? Only ten cents."

"Ten cents your eye," Sophia replied, with what breath she had left. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, frightening people this way." She glared at him, once more the terrible Mrs. Bartlett. "I'll have you put out of business, that's what I'll do!"

"Come on, lady, if you ain't gonna ride again."

"You just wait till I rest awhile. I won't move one inch. Humph! Think they can scare the life out of people and then—"

The car started to move off. Desperately Sophia grabbed Toby and they were out of the car. The crowd swept them into the main line again. Carried them on past the concessions. Toby wanted an ice-cream cone. And spotted the balloons.

But Sophia insisted they go home.

"Just this, Gramps. This is what Martha told me about."

"All right. Just this. But that's all."

"It's swell, Gramps. You throw a dart through a balloon and you get a swell pillow. You'll like it."

Toby tried. But couldn't do a thing about the balloons.

"You try, Gramps; your arms are longer."

Sophia refused. But was finally persuaded. She looked around to make sure no one was watching. She let fly and made a hit the first time. Toby was jubilant. Sophia surprised and pleased. She'll try another one of those things. Bang! Another balloon.

"One more and you get the pillow, lady."

"All right, one more."

Ping! There it goes!

"Let's take the green silk one for Martha, Gramps!" Toby shouted.

Somebody behind her said, "Gee, the old lady ain't so bad."

Sophia turned. Was surprised to find herself beaming. This was all so damn' silly. But fun.

NOW they were on their fourth hot dog. Another ice-cream cone. Now a glass of that nice pink stuff. And another ice-cream cone.

The Crazy House loomed before them. The funny jiggers amused Sophia. She and Toby went in. Something knocked her hat over her eyes. Now, this isn't so good. There were moving stairs and things that jumped out of corners. The floors moved. The walls squeezed in. It's very messy. At last their feet were taken from under them. They shot down a long, terrifying slide. They were deposited at the exit.

Toby squealed with delight. Sophia was very badly rumpled. Her hat over one eye. Her very expensive dress hanging about her like a Mother Hubbard. She stood in a daze. A blast of cold air came up from the floor. Then another. She jumped away, screaming. When the barker laughed at her, and people stopped to stare, she shook her fists. Called them boobies. Strode off with Toby.

More concessions. More hot dogs. More of that nice pink stuff. Sophia won a goldfish. Won a Kewpie doll. A side of bacon. Someone jostled her. She dropped her armload of winnings. A young tough turned.

"Get out of the way, you old Biddy."

Toby was furious. "Say, you can't call my Gramps an old Biddy. I'll knock your block off."

"Aw, shut your face, kid."

Toby swung a boot at the guy's shins. But he was carried away in the crowd. Sophia was very proud of Toby. And bought two large cornucopias of spun sugar.

Wearily they returned to the car. Seeing the chauffeur's amazed eyes upon her, Sophia pushed him her armload of winnings. Adjusted herself. Straightened her hat. Barked something about getting home quickly.

Then each settled down in a corner of the big limousine. And the ride was accomplished in silence. . . .

Toby lay in bed. Miserable. Between gasps of pain shooting up and down his pounding little belly he was trying to tell Martha all about Coney Island. She sat patiently beside him, her arms full of bottles and pill boxes and spoons of all sizes. Listening to his story, she nodded occasionally. Held his hand.

"There, there, Mr. Toby," she said, "you just take one of these, and two teaspoonfuls of this and you won't know yourself in the morning."

Sophia lay in bed. Groaned with pain. Cursed her maid. Damned lemonade and ice-cream cones and Coney Island.

She was flat on her back. And on the crest of her stomach was balanced a large red hot-water bottle.

In the morning Sophia showed the strain of the excitement, the hot dogs, the pink lemonade. Her face was pale and creased. She marched through the hall, muttering under her breath. She was furious with herself. She stopped at the head of the stairs. Took out her handkerchief. As she strode down, she wiped the banisters. She was in a vile humor. Reaching the foot of the stairs she turned up the handkerchief. It showed an accumulation of dust.

MARTHA, on her way to the kitchen, was stopped by Sophia's bellow. She stood trembling. The old lady fixed her with a deadly stare, and shouted, "You're fired!"

Grunting, Sophia went into her library.

In tears, Martha rushed to her room at the top of the house.

Later, Toby called for her. And was told she was leaving. He ran up to her room. He found her packing. Learning what had happened, he assured her that everything would be all right.

"Oh, no, Mr. Toby," Martha sobbed, "you don't know Mrs. Bartlett at all. When she fires people, they stay fired."

Toby took her hand.

"Don't you worry," he said. "I know better. I'll go down to Gramps right this minute. You just see."

His face was set grimly. He marched through the great house. At the huge doors of the library he was stopped by a manservant.

"Mrs. Bartlett is never disturbed at this time, sir; this is her morning conference hour."

But Toby knocked.

A horrified secretary came to the door. Inside, Sophia's voice barked over the telephone.

The secretary forced a saccharine smile. "Mr. Toby can't come in."

"In a pig's eye!" said Toby in a tone so like Sophia's that the secretary gasped and stood aside.

Toby rushed past.

The concluding installment of Mrs. Bartlett's Toby will appear in Liberty next week.

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By MRS. JOHN

Past President of the Genera

(Reading time: 9 minutes 30 seconds.)

Mrs. John F. Sippel, immediate Past President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is a national figure, not only in women's club work but also in other civic, patriotic, and welfare activities. During the World War period she was regent of the Baltimore Chapter of the D. A. R. She is a past president of the Maryland State Federation of Women's Clubs, and has been appointed on several commissions by President Hoover. Her home is in Baltimore. As the daughter of William Wesley Oursler and Melcena Talbott Oursler, she represents the ninth generation of her family in Maryland. She is the wife of John Frederick Sippel, the banker.

B. LATHAM KIDDER

AMERICAN women have it in their power to help save America. They have it in their power to put business on a sounder, more economical, more efficient basis than ever before. They can do all this without the expenditure of any more money, time, or energy. All it needs is a little practical, intelligent thinking.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs has unearthed the startling fact that American women spend eighty-five per cent of the American dollars spent by their families.

Think of it! Eighty-five per cent of this great sum of the nation's wealth is placed each year in the hands of women to do with as they see fit. A few of them are smart business women who have learned by experience the value of a dollar. But most of them are women who have absolutely no idea of the value of money or of the important part they, as spenders, play in the financial situation of this country.

While the big business heads of the country have been striving to avert a panic, trying to maintain the buying power of the American dollar, American women have been spending thoughtlessly or stupidly hoarding.

Faced with this rather appalling fact, the General Federation of Women's Clubs has made an exhaustive investigation to discover where and how women are wasting money and what they can do to help restore our financial balance.

In this investigation we had the benefit of the finest minds in America. Our research work was done under the direction of experts. We asked for, and received, the coöperation of the United States Department of Commerce. Out of the mass of information gathered we have outlined a program of money spending that has received the indorsement of all who have seen it.

The members of the women's clubs in this country total two million. Two million women have adopted our program. It is already in operation.

It is not exclusively a women's club affair, however. No great reform can be put across without organization, coöperation, backing. These the General Federation of Women's Clubs is providing. We are pointing the way, we believe, to a return of prosperity, with the earnest hope that every American woman will follow us.

First of all we must learn to look at this business of spending money in a more general way. We must realize that every five-cent piece we spend is a matter of national as well as individual concern.

We must keep money in circulation. We must stop hoarding!

Keeping money in circulation does not mean spending extravagantly. Keeping money in circulation does mean keeping people employed. We must keep on buying, within reason of course, the things we need, and must not go without simply for the sake of hanging on to our money.

We must eliminate waste and help merchants reduce overhead and operating expenses.

This is easy. First under this heading is the wasteful, inconsiderate, abominable practice, peculiar to women, of buying something and sending it back the next day. Women adore window shopping, but they like still better "trying on." For a woman who has leisure time, a charge account, and a liking for clothes, it is one of the worst and easiest habits to get into.

She goes into a store just to "look around." An alert saleswoman steps up, shows her a charming frock or dress accessory. Still not intending to buy, she cannot resist the temptation to see how she looks in it. A trip to a dressing room, the trying-on process, an impulsive yielding to temptation—and a "charge and send" slip is made out.

That night, or perhaps the next day, her better judgment asserts itself, and the store receives a call for a return of the merchandise. Our investigation brought out the fact that this practice of returning merchandise was considered a "privilege" by a few stores in the early '70s. And a privilege it is! For where else, after spending our money, are we privileged to recall it, even though it was unwisely spent? If we go to a picture show, a theater, a restaurant, and are dissatisfied, we never dream of asking for our money back. But this privilege of returning merchandise, so generously granted by stores, we consider our unquestionable right. We are indignant when even the slightest objection is made.

Between four and five billion dollars' worth of merchandise is returned each year to retail stores. Think of the wasted time, energy, money in the burden on the stores' employees! We were told by one store that twenty-three employees handled each returned article. Somebody has to stand this loss—and that somebody is you.

DELIVERY is another important item in the merchants' operating costs. There are literally millions of articles delivered each year by department stores that women could easily carry home with them.

I live seven miles from the business center of the city. Many times I have thoughtlessly had an article which I could easily have carried out of the store with me delivered these seven miles. Sometimes I have wanted to return that article and have telephoned the store to call for it—making two trips at the cost of the store!

Somebody has to pay that cost—the delivery man's wages, the delivery car itself, gas, oil, tires, upkeep.

Hasten Prosperity

he Women of America
he Depression

. SIPPEL

ederation of Women's Clubs

Pictures by
B. LATHAM KIDDER

The store pays part and I pay part too, though I don't stop to think of that.

Part of the running expenses of every store is tacked on to the price of merchandise. By our thoughtlessness, our indifference, we women actually increase the stores' expenses and jack up prices to our own disadvantage.

Credit—or charge accounts—is another evil in the operating costs of a store. This also boosts prices. Somebody has to pay the clerical costs of handling accounts, sending out bills—and again merchant and buyer share the expense.

Besides these costs is the recognized fact that the charge account, or credit, encourages people to buy beyond their means, so that when the day of reckoning comes there is not enough money to pay the bills. Then they must be turned over to an attorney for collection or to a collection agency. Both attorney and agency naturally charge for their services. Sometimes these bad accounts are sold outright, the store taking a big loss—glad to get something out of it.

Credit makes for convenience in buying for the home maker who has no one to stay with the children and must telephone her orders, and also for the woman who desires to pay her bills weekly or monthly.

Moreover, for the distributor, we have learned that credit tends to even the distribution of sales, in contrast to pay-day peaks and slumps in business.

The problem, therefore, is how best as buyers to coöperate with sellers in maintaining a credit policy that will not result in losses to the stores.

These losses have to be offset if the store is to operate at a profit—and again prices of merchandise are jacked up.

Our investigation turned up the fact that the extending of credit has contributed to the failure of many stores, not only in these times but in times of prosperity.

ADVERTISING is one of the biggest items in the running expenses of any business house; it is the largest item with many stores.

You see an attractive advertisement of dresses or furniture or shoes, or of a big sale, in a newspaper. Who do you think pays for that ad? The store pays something toward it, but you also pay.

Advertising, naturally, always will be necessary, but there is a form of advertising that has no equal for bringing buyers to a store. That is advertising by word of mouth—something that any woman can do to help cut down this particular cost item.

When you get a particularly becoming dress or hat, or buy something for your house that is admired by your friends, tell them where you got it. If the price was low, tell them that, too. You don't have to say what you paid for it. This is the most valuable kind of advertising from the store's standpoint. It costs you nothing and it helps the store to make money—all of which means that the store can keep its prices low.

Or if an advertisement impresses you but does not happen to describe something you especially need, you can help make that advertisement pay for itself by passing the word along that this particular article can be bought reasonably at such and such a store.

The human mind is so erratic in its response to advertising methods that many a chance must be taken in an effort to sell something through this medium. Every store hopes that an advertisement will pay for itself, and a bit of supplementary word-of-mouth advertising can often make this possible. A widespread word-of-mouth campaign, consistently followed up by the women of this country, will increase store sales and lower prices.

LETTING manufacturers know what you want and will buy is another tremendously important factor in keeping down costs. If manufacturers were able to produce only what the retailer could sell, think what a saving would be achieved! Naturally such a plan could not work out one hundred per cent, but much waste could be avoided if the stores only knew what women wanted, that they might tell the manufacturer.

Don't be afraid to tell the store what defects you find in their merchandise. The store is there to please you; unless you tell them whether they are succeeding or failing, they can only guess.

Fashion, of course, will always play a big part in the selection of stock, and many women have to be educated to accept new fads and fancies. But there are things that women want that the store will never find out unless told.

For example, some of the stores are now selling half sizes in women's clothes. These are made for women who are not built according to model proportions. A woman may wear a size sixteen dress through the shoulders but take a size eighteen through the hips. A size eighteen and a half would fit her perfectly. She goes from store to store and cannot be fitted properly. She is forced to pass up many attractive dresses that she might otherwise have bought.

It is the stores' loss. Yet many of the stores are watching skeptically this new half-size idea. Why not tell them that it is certain to prove successful?

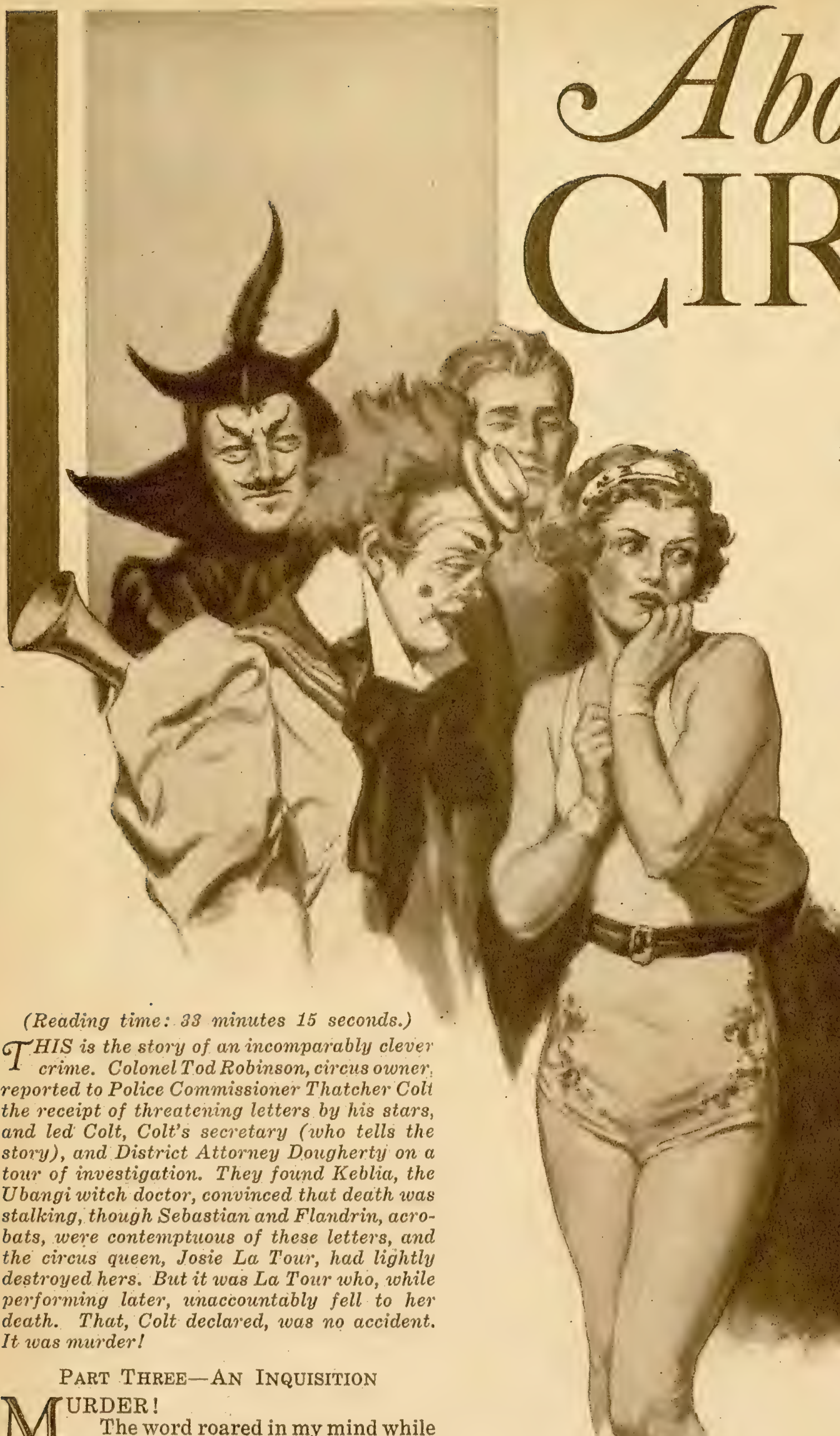
Or take shoes, for instance. Have you tried to find a sleek, well fitting dress shoe with the "baby Louis" French heel? It is practically impossible to find them except in custom-made and very expensive shoes. Yet if women who cannot afford to pay so much would let shoe manufacturers know that they wanted heels like these, they would be on the market almost immediately!

Everything depends on us women! For we are spending the money. And most of what we don't spend is spent on us.

We have been assured that if every American woman would adopt and faithfully follow the above plan, business would soon pick up.

So won't you join us, please, in helping America regain its financial feet?

THE END



About the CIRCUS

By

ANTHONY ABBOT

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of an incomparably clever crime. Colonel Tod Robinson, circus owner, reported to Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt the receipt of threatening letters by his stars, and led Colt, Colt's secretary (who tells the story), and District Attorney Dougherty on a tour of investigation. They found Keblia, the Ubangi witch doctor, convinced that death was stalking, though Sebastian and Flandrin, acrobats, were contemptuous of these letters, and the circus queen, Josie La Tour, had lightly destroyed hers. But it was La Tour who, while performing later, unaccountably fell to her death. That, Colt declared, was no accident. It was murder!

PART THREE—AN INQUISITION

MURDER! The word roared in my mind while we hastily prepared to return behind the scenes. Betty agreed to take charge of the young Doughertys and get them safely home in a department car. Colt, Dougherty, and I hurried on, under the front seats and through a shadowy passageway that curved back to the dressing rooms.

Murder! If Colt was right, then we faced a mystery of unexampled difficulties. Seventeen thousand spectators sat in the tiers at that performance, and sixteen hundred others were employed by the circus—eighteen thousand six hundred possible suspects and witnesses in Madison Square Garden. How could any detective hope to find a murderer in such a throng?

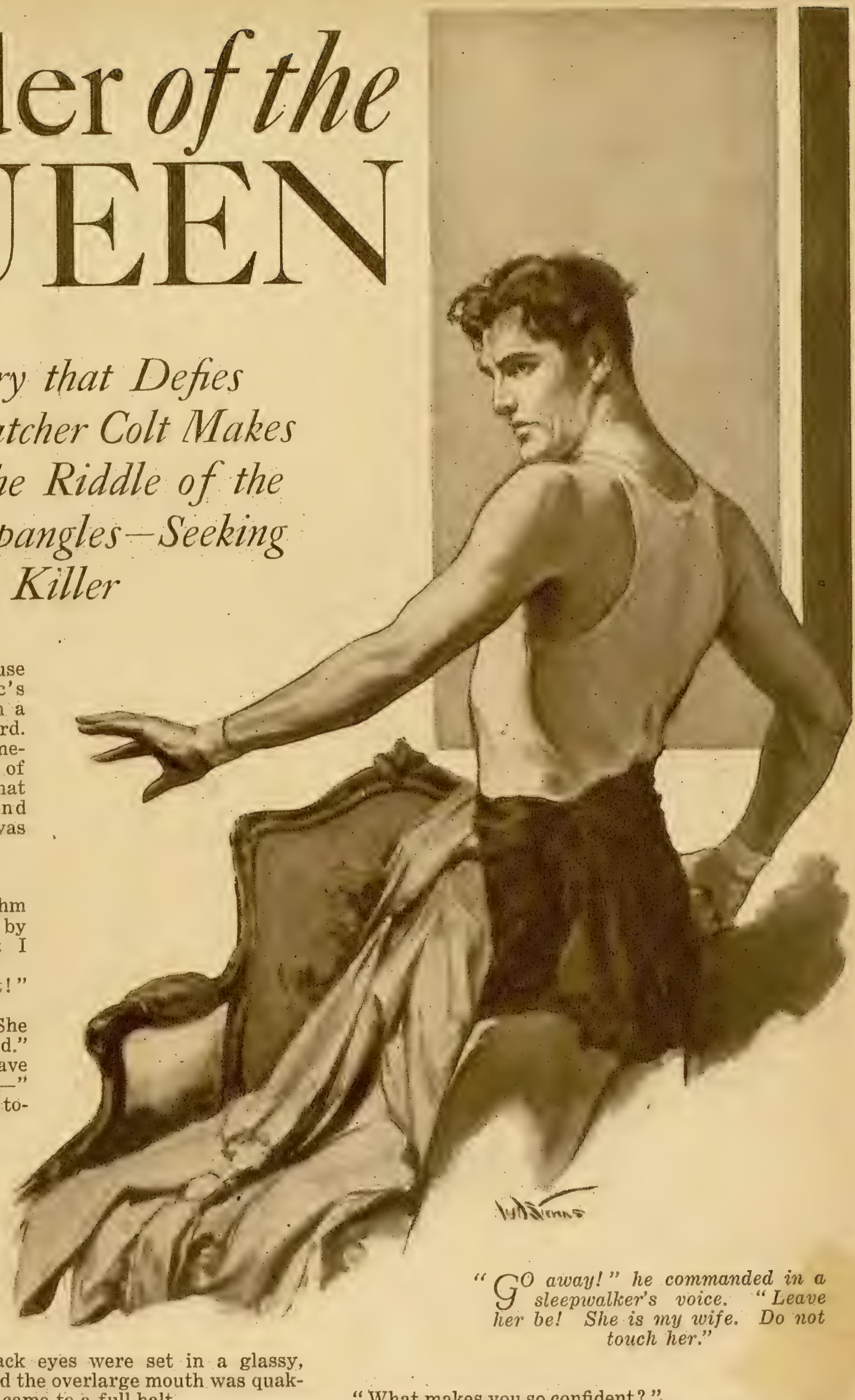
"Thatcher," panted Dougherty, "why in God's name do you say it is murder?"

"Josie got one of those death-threat notes. The others escaped, but she was killed. Some of the violence that happened in this show in the last few days has been premeditated. Specifically, Dougherty, I was watching La Tour intently just after the dog barked. Her expression was one of amazement; she was stunned with incredulity and terror—as if suddenly attacked by someone—or something—she could not see."

"Vertigo!"—from the breathless Dougherty.

Murder *of the* QUEEN

A Mystery that Defies Solution—Thatcher Colt Makes Enemies—The Riddle of the Tarnished Spangles—Seeking the Killer



"GO away!" he commanded in a sleepwalker's voice. "Leave her be! She is my wife. Do not touch her."

"Oh, yes—also the cause of the boss mechanic's death," replied Colt with a sardonic glance backward. "No; I believe the boss mechanic's death was a kind of dress rehearsal for what happened tonight—and besides, Dougherty, I was listening to the drums."

"The drums!"

"YES. Their rhythm was interrupted by an off-beat sound that I could swear was a shot."

"But she wasn't shot!" argued Dougherty.

"How do you know? She has not yet been examined."

"But the shot would have been seen—a flash of fire—"

"Look what's coming toward us!" I interrupted.

In the long and dismal corridor suddenly appeared the running figure of a giant Negro with tailed coat, top hat, and monocle. Seeing us, he halted. Keblia, witch doctor, barred our way in this deserted tunnel. The Ubangi's fathomless black eyes were set in a glassy, almost drunken stare, and the overlarge mouth was quaking. Thatcher Colt, too, came to a full halt.

"Your prediction came true in a hurry," began the Commissioner.

The black man shivered as he replied:

"I told you there was no such thing as a natural death. Enemies—or demons! Now she is dead! Only Keblia can find the truth."

"You were sure there would be a sudden death—and you were right. Now you are sure you can find her murderer."

"Very soon."

"What makes you so confident?"

"I have found a part of the truth already."

"What have you found?"

"An Ubangi tells nothing. He is his own judge and jury!"

From far beyond came the blare of the band and the clapping of many hands.

"Keblia," began Thatcher Colt, "you are not in the jungle. You are in New York City. You must help the police. I wish you to come with me. In a little while I shall talk with you."

Keblia nodded earnestly. " An Ubangi," he declared, " must obey the law—but you will never be able to make me talk."

It was just ten fifteen o'clock when, with Keblia following, we came again to the dressing rooms of the circus principals. First Colt paused before a door hung with a green-and-white flag, the colors flown by the hospital tent. This room was ominously empty. Next the Commissioner called a policeman hurrying past, and gave him orders to guard Keblia. " Don't let him out of your sight," warned the Commissioner. " Just stay here with him until I call."

Then Colt went directly to the door with the dark star, the dressing room of La Tour, halfway back from Eighth Avenue on the Forty-ninth Street side. No crowds of grieving, curious performers or employees stood near the door. Such was the inflexible discipline of the circus that one would have thought all was well. Three policemen came running up; Colt told them to stand back and wait. The open space around the door was deserted except for one man standing like a sentry—a stout, rugged man in shirt sleeves and with a stethoscope hanging loosely around his neck.

" Dr. Ransom? " asked the Police Commissioner, and the physician nodded. Colt had told me about this Dr. Ransom, physician in ordinary to the entire personnel of the show. In addition he was physician in waiting to the crowds, attending hysterical women and vomiting children. Ransom had the largest private practice in the world.

Colt introduced himself.

" There is nothing that we can do! " the doctor rumbled gloomily. " I have stepped out here to let the family be alone. Of course you understand there was never any hope—it was instantaneous."

" What do you think caused her fall? " asked Thatcher Colt.

Dr. Ransom's glance was startled.

" Broken neck—fractured skull—naturally—"

" Not what caused her death—but what caused her fall? " persisted Colt.

Before Ransom could frame a reply, the door behind him opened and another man emerged from the dressing room. Very softly he closed the door, then turned and stared impudently from one face to another. He was a small and bearded man with a heavily tanned face.

" Meet Dr. Charavay," invited Ransom in a melancholy voice. " He is on the show, too."

I had also heard of Dr. Charavay. He was the French specialist in tropical diseases who had found the Ubangi people and arranged their American tour; a bacteriologist who had forsaken his profession to become the *entrepreneur* of these side-show savages. Plainly the Frenchman was profoundly disturbed; the calm inscrutability of the medical man was gone.

" It is terrible! " he fervently exclaimed. " The poor little child! The whole show loved her. She was so sweet, so good, so kind to everyone. And then this dreadful accident had to happen! "

" And what do you think made her fall? " asked Colt of the lamenting Dr. Charavay.

The Frenchman shrugged. " Does it matter? " he asked.

WITHOUT replying, Colt struck the door lightly with his knuckles.

" But stop! " protested Charavay. " You must not do that! The family—"

At this moment Colonel Tod Robinson stepped up swiftly from behind us.

" I could hear what you were saying," he told Colt. " My God, chief, don't let's have any more trouble, please! It was only an accident; that and nothing more—get that straight—and there is no call for the Police Department to make a mystery out of it."

" The Medical Examiner will have to investigate—you know that," returned Colt testily. " I am sorry to insist that I must go in that room now! "

Dr. Charavay edged forward. " But both Dr. Ransom and myself will give a certificate of accidental death," he proposed. " Surely we do not have to prolong unpleasant details."

As Colt waved him aside, Dr. Charavay turned outraged eyes on Colonel Robinson. In answer to Colt's knock the door opened and Isabel, the maid, looked out. Not ungently, Colt pressed on the door and stepped inside. I stood with Dougherty on the threshold.

At first I felt as if I were at Coney Island, looking in at some particularly excruciating section of the waxworks. The room was filled with living people standing, sitting, and kneeling in stiff, unlifelike attitudes. Isabel stood on her toes, resolutely balanced, as she stared at us with an unwelcoming expression. Near the maid, mute and still, was the ring mechanic, pale and wretched in his uniform of blue velvet and gold braid. Flandreau, the big-shouldered trapeze catcher, was still in costume as he stood erect and mountainous in the center of the room. His mighty arm was around the waist of Flandra, his wife.

Kneeling beside the couch was an athlete in green silken tights—Flandrin, dry-eyed and statuelike. In a tight grip he held the dead hands that had been so alive and strong. Those hands, I thought, would still be warm even in the grave.

SHE was lying on a couch from which flowers had been hastily cast aside; around the husband's knees they lay heaped in odorous profusion. There was blood on La Tour's face and on the gay tissues of her ballet dress. Her shoes had fallen off. Thrown in a heap on the floor beyond the couch was the sequin wrap in which she had made her spirited entrance into the ring. Now, all the bounding vitality extinguished forever, La Tour, who had forced presidents, kings, and emperors to lift their eyes toward her body on the rings, lay with closed eyes that would never lift again.

No one spoke. The silence was becoming intolerable. Distractedly I looked away, to stare around me at the ceiling, the walls, the furniture—at anything other than these people in their communal trance of despair.

This private room revealed the awe in which Colonel Robinson had held La Tour. It was a curiously shaped chamber, narrowing sharply at one end; a boudoiresque room turned into a charnel house. The narrow part was curtained off to hide the bath and shower, dressing table and mirror. The larger part of the room was a place to receive visitors. The walls had been decorated especially in La Tour's favorite color of jade green.

" I regret this intrusion deeply," Colt began. " If you will all help me, I shall not remain long."

Flandrin leaped to his feet and swayed before the Commissioner, his posture a grotesque echo of his comedy in the ring.

" Go away! " he commanded in a sleepwalker's voice. " Leave her be! She is my wife. Do not touch her. Go away! "

" Flandrin! " cried the Commissioner sternly. " I am from the police! "

But the husband's eyes did not change their set expression.

" But why the police? " he asked in that same hypnotized tone.

From the center of the room now spoke up Flandreau, the big-muscled catcher: " Is America like Germany? Cannot a woman die without police interference? "

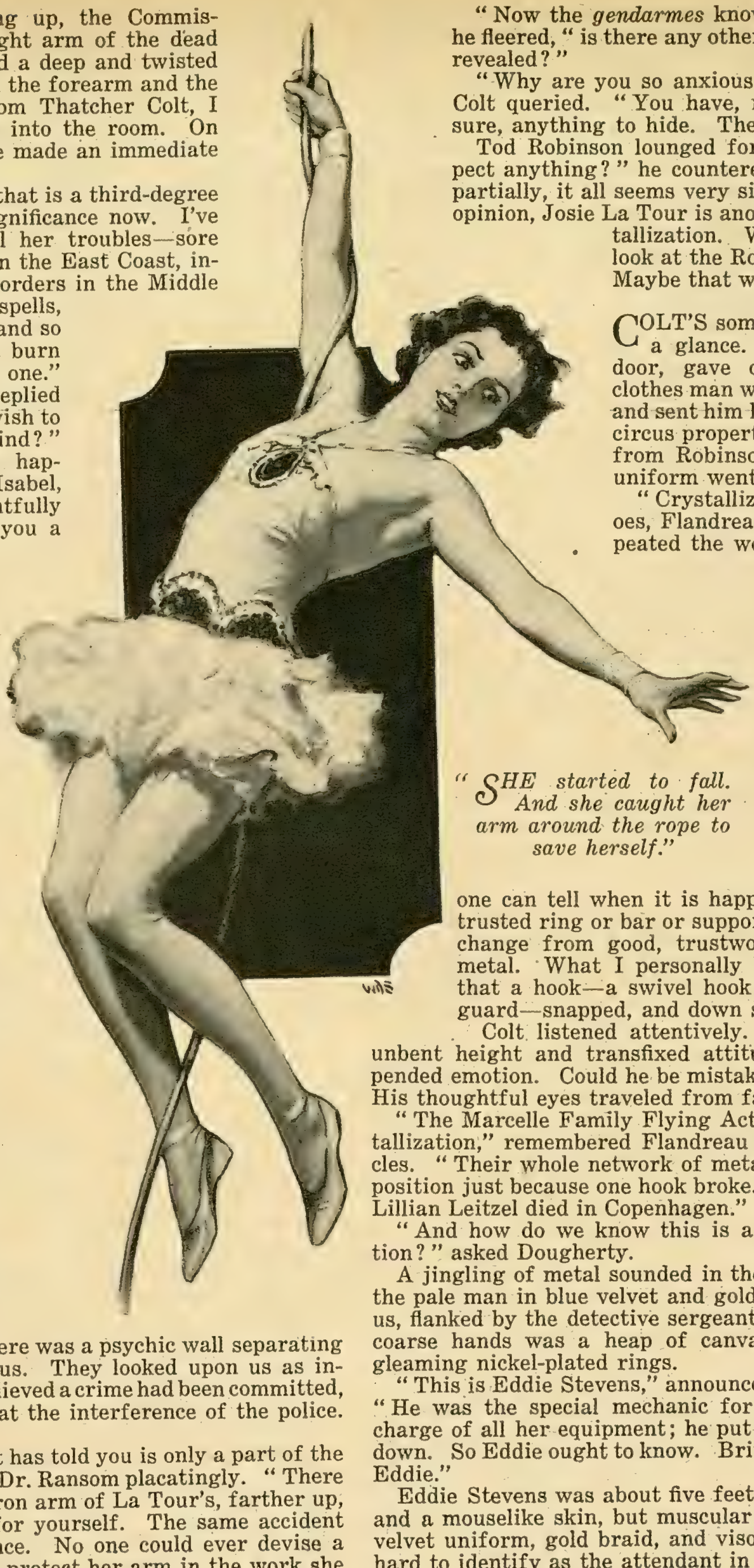
He would have gone on if another voice had not spoken.

" Courage, Flandrin! " came the voice. " It is only a formality. I advise you to let them do whatever they desire—and soon the police will be gone! Then we can be to ourselves."

The speaker was Sebastian, just back from his second exhibition, in his devil's garb and carrying his sword and trumpet—a strange anomaly at such a scene.

" Very well, then, Mr. Colt," agreed Flandrin, bowing his head. " Let the police work quickly and get it over with! "

As if there were a Masonic understanding among them, everyone in the room moved back at Flandrin's decision. Alone before the couch, Thatcher Colt looked down at La Tour. Very gently the chief bent over the still little form. Hastily and without touching the body, he studied the bruises and abrasions. Then he brought his nostrils close to the still lips and smelled. This action is one of the primary police tactics if poison is at all suspected. But did Colt suspect poison?



"SHE started to fall. And she caught her arm around the rope to save herself."

Instantly straightening up, the Commissioner now lifted the right arm of the dead girl. Intently he studied a deep and twisted scar on the flesh between the forearm and the biceps. At a glance from Thatcher Colt, I called Dr. Ransom back into the room. On being shown the scar, he made an immediate statement:

"Medically speaking, that is a third-degree burn. But it has no significance now. I've treated La Tour for all her troubles—sore throats and head colds on the East Coast, intestinal and stomach disorders in the Middle West during the hot spells, colds again on the Gulf, and so on over the route. The burn on her arm is a very old one."

"I know that too," replied Colt patiently. "But I wish to know how she got it. Mind?"

"I'll tell you how it happened!" burst out Isabel, coming tearfully, resentfully forward. "I can give you a precise explanation."

Colt looked at the maid with a keen interest. Her suave finishing-school accent and her explosive emotion did not mix well.

"It happened three seasons ago," Isabel revealed. "La Tour was rolling up the rope. She started to fall. And she caught her arm—she called it her iron arm—around the rope to save herself, just where you see the scar. That arm really acted as a brake for her as she slid to the ground. But the friction set the flesh on fire. The rope burned deeper and deeper into the arm. I was in the ring at the time and I saw the smoke and smelt it too. Does that answer you completely to your satisfaction, Mr. Colt?"

As she asked that bitterly impertinent question the maid seemed to be spokesman for every circus person in the room. There was a psychic wall separating these show folks from us. They looked upon us as invaders. Even if they believed a crime had been committed, they would be angered at the interference of the police.

"WHAT Isabel Chant has told you is only a part of the truth," resumed Dr. Ransom placatingly. "There are scars all over that iron arm of La Tour's, farther up, under the sleeve—see for yourself. The same accident happened more than once. No one could ever devise a shield that would really protect her arm in the work she was doing. Last season she got an infection. I told her she was endangering her life by continuing to appear, and when she insisted on appearing I earnestly advised her to use her left arm."

"I also warned her that she was running the danger of death, or at least amputation, during that infection; but she would not listen to me," put in Robinson. "Her left arm was pretty and she meant to keep it that way. After all, La Tour was not only a genius—but a woman!"

Dr. Charavay stepped aggressively into the room.

"Now the *gendarmes* know about the scars," he fleered, "is there any other mystery they wish revealed?"

"Why are you so anxious to get me away?" Colt queried. "You have, none of you, I feel sure, anything to hide. Then why object?"

Tod Robinson lounged forward. "Why suspect anything?" he countered. "Speaking impartially, it all seems very simple to me. In my opinion, Josie La Tour is another victim of crystallization. Why not just take a look at the Roman rings and see? Maybe that will end it."

COLT'S somber eyes flashed me a glance. I hastened to the door, gave orders to a plainclothes man who had just arrived, and sent him hurrying toward the circus property chief. At a word from Robinson, a man in circus uniform went with the detective.

"Crystallization!" Like echoes, Flandreau and Sebastian repeated the word aloud.

"And precisely what do you mean by crystallization?" asked District Attorney Dougherty.

"A chemical change that occurs in various metals under certain conditions," explained Colonel Robinson. "It turns metal brittle as glass. No one can tell when it is happening—overnight a trusted ring or bar or support of some kind may change from good, trustworthy steel into pot metal. What I personally believe happened is that a hook—a swivel hook that held the main guard—snapped, and down she came."

Colt listened attentively. There was in his unbent height and transfixed attitude a strange, suspended emotion. Could he be mistaken in his suspicion? His thoughtful eyes traveled from face to face.

"The Marcelle Family Flying Act crashed from crystallization," remembered Flandreau of the mighty muscles. "Their whole network of metal bars slipped from position just because one hook broke. And that was how Lillian Leitzel died in Copenhagen."

"And how do we know this is a case of crystallization?" asked Dougherty.

A jingling of metal sounded in the outer corridor and the pale man in blue velvet and gold braid came back to us, flanked by the detective sergeant. In the assistant's coarse hands was a heap of canvas-covered rope and gleaming nickel-plated rings.

"This is Eddie Stevens," announced Colonel Robinson. "He was the special mechanic for La Tour. He had charge of all her equipment; he put it up and he took it down. So Eddie ought to know. Bring that stuff in here, Eddie."

Eddie Stevens was about five feet tall, with gray hair and a mouselike skin, but muscular and strong. In his velvet uniform, gold braid, and visored cap, he was not hard to identify as the attendant in the ring when Josie La Tour fell to her death. As Eddie Stevens held out the rope and rings toward Robinson, Colt's voice cut the hot silence: "This man turned his back tonight when the accident occurred."

Blotches of pink spread under the grayish skin as Eddie Stevens looked helplessly at Colt.

"I didn't mean to turn my back!" he whimpered. "It was my job to watch every minute—to stand by and break her fall if she came down—"

"Why didn't you do it?" growled Dougherty.

"Something sudden made me turn around—some sound; I think it was the barking of a dog—and when I looked back—oh, God!"

"Let me see the apparatus," snapped Colt.

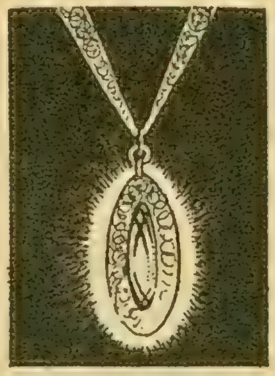
His piercing dark eyes brooded over the disorderly heap of rope and rings. Back and forth and around he turned and twisted the rings, twiddling the swivels between thumb and fingers. At last he looked up with a direct glance at Robinson.

"Nothing is wrong with these rings," he announced. "La Tour's death was not caused by crystallization."

"Then she must have had a dizzy spell!" cried Colonel Robinson excitedly. "Now look here, chief—you've got to be reasonable! Nobody wants any scandal. There is La Tour's husband. Ask Flandrin if he wants any trouble about this. You know he doesn't. And—speaking impartially—the circus doesn't either. Fifteen newspaper men are out in the alley right now, and if they get one whiff at what you have suggested here—"

With one lift of chin and eyes Thatcher Colt silenced the showman. "We are wasting time," he interposed. "I shall have to get on with the investigation."

Back to the couch he turned. Again he bent over the body of Josie La Tour. But now his eyes dallied neither with the right arm with its scars of old burns, nor the left, so fair and womanly. Close to the dead face itself hovered the Police Commissioner's eyes, searching the very pores. One cautious finger he raised, pointing to the firm line of her cheek bone. "A stain on the make-up," he remarked aloud, and I knew this was for my notebook. "In fact, stains on both sides of the face."



The Commissioner, without rising, looked around over his shoulder and requested:

"Colonel Robinson, will you please send for Keblia? I left him in charge of an officer outside the door."

With a muttered comment the circus owner left to summon the witch doctor. Intent upon his immediate task, Colt turned back to the body. Now he was studying the dead girl's costume. With minute attention his hands toyed with a circlet of spangles at the yoked neck of her dress. From his taut attitude I knew at once that he had come upon something that seemed to him important; and when I glimpsed his face I realized that Thatcher Colt was suddenly, mysteriously, profoundly affected.

STANDING erect, but with his fingers still holding the spangled neckband, the Commissioner asked softly: "Where is the maid Isabel?"

The attendant of Josie La Tour stepped forward. Her stout figure seemed to grow rigid as she faced Colt.

"What is your name?"

"Isabel Chant."

"How long have you been with Miss La Tour?"

"About four years."

"Would you say that your mistress was a careful dresser?"

"Meticulous. She deserved the best, and she got it," was the prompt reply. "But why—"

Colt pointed at the cloak of sequins lying on the floor. "That cloak, for instance, seems to be in excellent condition," he commented. "Looks as if it had just come from the *couturier*."

"No woman in the circus ever had a wardrobe like La Tour," boasted Isabel Chant between closed teeth. "And she kept it up all the time. Everything about her was like a queen. That was the way she wanted it to be and that was the way it was."

"And it was your job, was it not, to see that her wardrobe was kept in perfect condition?"

"That was what she paid me for, and that was what I did. May I ask why—"

"You prepared her costume for this evening?"

"I did."

"Did you examine it before she put it on?"

"Of course I did, and so did she. And for the love of God what does it matter anyway?"

With his free hand Colt pointed to the spangled collar. "Look at these ornaments. Were they not new?"

"Yes! Yes! But—"

"Come closer and look at them now!"

Colt's voice was very low. Isabel Chant bent her head forward so that her shadow fell across the dead face. Moon-eyed she stared down at the spangles. She blinked and frowned, and then without speaking turned and with a trotlike running movement crossed the floor and picked up from a table an enormous pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. With these at a lopsided angle on her nose, she trotted back again to the body and looked down for a long, irresolute moment. But as she reached out her right hand Colt seized her wrist.

"Don't touch!" he admonished. "But tell me—do you see any difference in those spangles now from their appearance when Josie La Tour left this room?"

"Yes—I do!"

"WHAT do you see?"

"One of those spangles is dented—almost broken."

"You see, it is as if it had been struck by some blunt instrument. Something struck her with enough force to break or dent the spangle but not to penetrate the body."

"Yes!"

"Have you any idea how that spangle was broken?"

"Not the slightest. She fell on her back, so it couldn't be that."

"Do you notice anything else unusual in these spangles?"

"I don't know what you're getting at, but I never permitted Miss Josie to go into the ring with spangles like that. They were always glittering and shining bright. Now they are dull. Their luster is all gone. There's a kind of film over them—and the life is gone out of them, as if they died too. They were golden and now they look like lead. Does that really mean anything, Mr. Colt?"

With a weary motion Colt passed his hands briefly over his eyes. The Police Commissioner of New York City seemed more profoundly shaken than I had ever seen him before.

He turned directly to Flandrin.

"I am sorry to tell you," said Colt, "that I am now quite satisfied your wife was deliberately murdered. But it will require the full resources of the Police Department to bring her assassin to justice."

District Attorney Dougherty threw up his red hands hopelessly.

"Thatcher," he said, "when you make a statement of that kind, no matter what the circumstances appear to be, I know you have a damn' good reason for what you say. That's enough for me, and I'm with you. What do you wish me to do?"

Colt turned to Isabel Chant.

"Cover the body with a sheet," he ordered curtly. "I must ask all of you ladies and gentlemen to wait outside in the first convenient dressing room. I shall send for you a little later on. Tony—that telephone on the table—notify the Homicide Division. Dougherty, send patrolmen to guard the center ring in the arena—and whether the show is over or not, be sure that no other person steps foot inside that ring-curb. And when Colonel Robinson gets back with that African magician I want to see him at once. Meanwhile—please leave us in this room alone."

Except for Dougherty talking to the policeman, no one moved. There was defiance in the very air. The District Attorney, his errand performed, took his place beside Colt, and the three of us stood there facing the other group, so that the cleavage was organized, physical and visible.

It was as if that glamorous and alien thing, the circus, had ranged itself beside its dead, opposed to the world with which it was utterly out of sympathy. And, as Colt was afterward to point out, this was no more than natural.

True, in recent years the circus world had labored to establish public confidence. Its standards lifted, it became an honorable institution in American amusement life. But behind that new estate jangled more than a century of another kind of feeling altogether—the spirit of the old times, when the circus was a world of grafters preying on the public, and when the call of "Hey, rube!" meant broken heads and bloody clashes between performers and customers. Now, suddenly, all those years were wiped away. We on the one side stood for the law, and, deep in the subconscious of those others, the law was the common enemy of their kind. Closer they clustered together, drawn into a phalanx about the corpse of one of their great ones.

I dwell upon this here because it was one of the chief factors in delaying Thatcher Colt's solution of the crime. The circus people would not coöperate with us. Even when the final and utterly damning evidence lay before them, indisputable, they did not want to believe.

"The Medical Examiner and the others are on their way," I reported as I hung up the receiver.

At my words Flandrin seemed dynamited into life. In one leap he sprang before Colt.

"Medical Examiner!" he choked. "That means coroner. That means autopsy—a post-mortem. No, no, Mr. Colt. Don't! She wouldn't want it! You heard what she said about her left arm—it was so beautiful. Even if someone had murdered her, she wouldn't want to be cut up. I think all this talk is mad—but if she was killed, then leave it all to me! Tell me what you know, or suspect, and I will do the rest. I promise you I will save the police the trouble. But no doctors can use their knives on her now! I'll go to court to stop you! No, I won't wait for that. You shall not cut up my wife!"

Defiantly he faced Thatcher Colt as if ready to spring upon the Police Commissioner. The others crowded around the acrobat; the very air quivered with challenge.

Every eye in the room was fixed on Thatcher Colt.

Police are always puzzled when a relative opposes an autopsy. Nothing could be more natural than such objections, and yet the very naturalness makes them a perfect excuse for anyone who has a criminal motive in opposing a post-mortem examination.

"TAKE hold of yourself, Flandrin," Colt said sternly. "Be a man, not a boy—this job is mine, not yours, and I am going to finish it!"

And as Colt spoke two bluecoats stood in the doorway. Others filled in the background beyond—the corridor was blue with police. Flandrin looked into those hard red faces, and from them back to Colt. The acrobat's glance, trapped and beaten, was tragic to see. The massive shoulders sagged in the green silken tights as he walked out of the room.

One by one the others followed Flandrin in the order of their standing in the tinsel universe—Flandra, followed by Flandreau, and after

NOW WHITEN YOUR TEETH

—stop useless brushing

HOW DID YOU EVER GUESS WHO SHE WAS?
NOT EVEN A MASK CAN HIDE HER DINGY, YELLOW TEETH

Just because faithful brushing has failed to make your teeth white and attractive don't think that yellow off-color or discolored teeth are natural. They're not!... as you'll soon discover if you start using this remarkable new technique. It erases all stain and tartar and actually cleans teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days!

If you want teeth others will admire, stop useless brushing—today—and switch over to this technique. Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush morning and night.

There's a very definite reason why Kolynos cleans and whitens teeth so remarkably. It is a double-strength dental cream—unlike anything you've ever used—that contains two important ingredients. One—the best and safest cleansing agent known—literally foams into and cleans out every tiny crevice, erases tartar and removes yellowish acid spots. And the second ingredient strikes at the source of most tooth and gums troubles. It kills millions of germs—190 million in 15 seconds, according to tests—that swarm into the mouth and, if neglected, cause decay, discoloration and gum diseases.

Thus teeth are scientifically cleaned right down to the natural white enamel without injury. The gums are stimulated and the mouth is left cleaner and fresher.

Decide to have sound, gleaming white teeth and healthy gums. AND SAVE MONEY, TOO. Kolynos lasts twice the usual time because you use half as much. And in 3 days a glance will tell you why this dental cream is winning thousands of new users every day . . . your teeth will look 3 shades whiter! Try a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

CLEANS TEETH 3 SHADES WHITER IN 3 DAYS

them Sebastian, Dr. Charavay, Dr. Ransom, Isabel Chant, and Eddie Stevens. With a policeman stationed outside, the door was closed. The Police Commissioner, the District Attorney, and I were alone with the lifeless Josie La Tour.

I looked at Thatcher Colt and got the shock of my life. Something wet glistened in the eyes of the Police Commissioner! But he pretended not to know. He was wasting no time. Having finished a brief examination of the room, the Commissioner sent once more for Eddie Stevens, La Tour's assistant in the ring.

A moment later the gray little man in the bright uniform, with his mouselike skin, his ophidian forehead, and his dead gray eyes, stood nervously at the foot of the couch, waiting his examination, with Thatcher Colt at the head and the body between them.

Next Week—

Could 20,000 Troops Take New York?

An alarming picture of the startling helplessness of the nation's richest city in the grip of a masked invasion

By

Lorimer Hammond

Also stories and articles by
Paul Deresco Augsburg—Lowell Thomas—Edward L. McKenna, Georges Surdez, and others.

" How long have you been working for Josie La Tour? "

" Five years."

" Before she married Flandrin? "

" Sure."

" Know of any enemies of La Tour? "

" Never heard she had any."

Colt looked skeptically at the District Attorney and then at me.

" Can you shoot? " asked Thatcher Colt unexpectedly. The question surprised me, although I knew that Colt thought he had heard a shot.

The mechanic nodded and gulped.

" Anybody around a circus soon learns to shoot."

" You are a marksman? "

" Fair."

" With rifles? "

" And revolver. I can shoot anything—but I haven't shot anything tonight."

" Send him to the nearest police station with a patrolman," said Colt. " Hold him there until I can send a detective over to talk to him. If you know anything else, Eddie—better tell it now. We'll know it anyhow before morning."

I turned the twitching Eddie Stevens over to an officer.

Colt next questioned Flandra, and after her Flandreau, partners of La Tour's husband on the high bars. Man and wife, they had a perfect account to give of themselves and seemed to care little about anything else.

" Where were you when La Tour fell? " Thatcher Colt demanded.

Each told the same story. They were playing bridge with two barrel jugglers, and only a minute's inquiry was needed to confirm their statements. Their alibi was impeccable.

AT Colt's further word, I brought Isabel Chant again into the room.

The Commissioner started in by asking the maid if she could shoot.

In a most glacial tone she replied that she was a topping pistol shot.

Her overnice manner and toadlike eyes did not incline me favorably toward Isabel, and I could see that Colt shared my repugnance.

But her story was brief and logical. She was an Australian woman—she said girl—of excellent family, who had married an army captain—a great comedown for which her family disowned her.

Later her captain was killed by a fall in the bathtub and she had to earn her own living. For a while she was a governess. Then, when Josie La Tour was in London, Mrs. Chant answered an advertisement and was given the position.

" I did everything for her," declared Isabel. " I was her masseuse, her reader, and her duenna all the time Flandrin was courting her—in fact, I was her closest friend."

" Then you got on well together? "

" Like sisters! "

" Can you tell me of any person who would desire to kill Josie La Tour? "

" No! "

" Sure? "

" Sure."

" You haven't heard any threats? "

" Only that letter—no, wait, Mr. Colt—I did hear something."

" Go on, Isabel! "

" It was the day before yesterday. Miss Josie and I had opened up the flat on Seventy-ninth Street. We had been working hard, house-cleaning, because Miss Josie wanted the place to be looking right before Flandrin got home from Europe. I was tired and went to bed after dinner. I was awakened by the sound of angry voices. They were quarreling—"

" Man or woman? "

" It was a man quarreling with Miss Josie. She told him she was going ahead with her plans if it was the last thing she ever did. And the man said it would be the last thing she ever did, and I heard the door slam."

" Who was the man? "

" I don't know. I got up and went to Miss Josie. But she had locked herself in her room. And she wouldn't tell me who the man was."

" Was his voice familiar? "

" Yes—and no. You see, I'm a little deaf and I'm not very good on identifying voices."

" YOU can throw no other light on this tragedy? "

" I still think it was an accident and nothing more."

When we were again alone, Colt said: " Make a note to have that old girl's passport papers looked up. She seems all right, but we can't take anything for granted. Now—before we talk to Flandrin—let's have a preliminary word with that sinister and somehow suspicious gentleman called Sebastian."

But here I had to report failure. Sebastian, having consoled Flandrin, his friend, had then departed with his wife and his seven cousins and brothers and sons. As I returned with this report, Colt told me to find Mr. Bradfield, the musical director.

" The band leader? " exclaimed Dougherty disapprovingly. " He was at the other end of the arena when that woman fell. What can he know? How can he help? "

But Colt only smiled and said there was one detail to be checked up.

I went off in search of Warner Bradfield, an old-timer, who, as it turned out, was waiting just outside the door. " I've been trying to find Colonel Robinson," he explained.

" And he is trying to find Keblia," I replied. " And they both seem to have vanished. Meanwhile Mr. Colt wants to see you."

" Bradfield," Colt began, " you had all the drums going during the La Tour act? "

" Yes, sir—bass and side and kettle drum."

" And yet, just before her fall your perfect rhythm was disturbed by an off-beat sound."

" Right. I heard it too! " confirmed Bradfield easily. " I noticed it at the time and then I guess I forgot about it. It did come just before she fell. What do you think it was? A pistol shot? "

Colt had opened the door.

" Just remember hearing that extraneous sound," he advised. " You may be asked to testify some day."

As the startled Bradfield was leaving, Assistant Chief Inspector Flynn appeared in the doorway, leading the men from the Homicide Squad.

Second ranking officer of the entire force, in command of all the detectives of the New York Police Department, was Assistant Chief Inspector Flynn. He was a police official of the old school—honest, fearless, capable, and unswervingly loyal, even when dubious as to the value of all the modern police methods in which Colt delighted.

Grouped behind Flynn around the entrance of the dressing room were many familiar faces of men who had served with Colt in his investigations of previous tragic mysteries.

In the forefront stood Inspector Crester with several men from the precinct office of the Third Detective District at the station house at 150 West Sixty-eighth Street.

With these representatives of the Homicide Squad were two specialists with whom we had often worked before—Sergeant Wickes from the Statistical and Criminal Identification Bureau, and Fred Merkle, the official photographer.

Farther in the rear was Arthur Chamberlin, my assistant as Colt's private secretary, now serving Commissioner Mulrooney in the same position—Chamberlin is also today editor of the police magazine, Spring 3100. Behind all these and elbowing his way aggressively forward was Dr. J. L. Multooler, Assistant Medical Examiner.

"Everybody outside is criticizing the police—they say it was nothing but an accident," gasped Dr. Multooler, finally taking his asthmatic place beside Inspector Flynn and beginning to remove his coat.

The Assistant Medical Examiner was a tall, ruddy-faced man, with a pink bulbous nose and twinkling little eyes.

With the face of a comedian and the heart of a sentimentalist, Multooler's keen mind and analytical skill had gained him a reputation as one of the best criminal experts among Eastern surgeons. To the physician and Flynn, Colt explained what had happened.

"I want a post-mortem as soon as possible. And particularly I want her dress taken off and sent down to Dr. Clesleek."

"Clesleek is home in bed with a cold," Dr. Multooler objected.

"Get him," reiterated the Commissioner emphatically. "He is the best chemist attached to our office. Yank him out of bed if you have to, but get him to work. Have him analyze the dress—especially those spangles."

Do the analyses ordered by Colt throw light on the mystery of who killed Josie La Tour? Follow the Commissioner's adventures in next week's installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is meant by periphrasis?

2—Who laid the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument?

3—What President of the United States had the greatest number of children?

4—What is the roar of surf on the shore sometimes called?

5—What is a klipspringer?

6—Whence do we get the word dunce?

7—What is the normal value of a farthing?

8—Which cities in the United States have more than a million population each?

9—In the United States what do the initials R. F. C. mean?

10—What two holidays fall on the same day of the week every year?

11—Where are the Lebanon Mountains?

12—In England what are the words countess, duchess, princess, etc., used for besides titles of honor?

13—What do railroad men mean when they speak of a butterfly?

14—What are capelin?

15—How long is a fathom?

16—What is the bowwow theory?

17—Where did the word dumdum as applied to bullets originate?

18—How many wives did Henry VIII have?

19—What was the original name of Tasmania?

20—What is tapa cloth?

(Answers will be found on page 40)

QUESTION—What particular factor helps to build good resistance? (*See page 40 for answer*)

WET FEET
DRAFTS
RAW WINDS
STUFFY TRAINS

This winter be able to say.... "I'm prepared for them!"

DON'T let unavoidable conditions of winter down you! Don't let them lead to a long siege of ills.

It's at times when your resistance is low that things you can't control, like sloppy weather, drafts, and overheated rooms, bother you most.

Meet them this year *with good resistance!* You'll be surprised how much better you'll stand exposure if your general condition is good.

Two factors, obtainable in cod-liver oil, have long been known to help build *good general resistance.*

Now you can get them both in the form of a new vitamin concentrate — *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D.* They are a rich source of Vitamin A, the important factor which increases physical stamina and resisting power. They are also exceedingly rich in the sunshine vitamin, needed for its toning effect on dreary, dark winter days —Vitamin D!

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Ask for them at any good drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in convenient new form

Babies *and*

Melodrama in a Maternit
Columnist Picture, th
South Sea Story Amon

By FREDERICK

One of the dramatic moments between Loretta Young and Eric Linden in the film Life Begins.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Lew Ayres (at the right) in another columnist picture, Okay America.

(Reading time: 10 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE hit of Frank Buck's Bring 'Em Back Alive—an unexpected and surprising success—has transformed all the movie moguls into explorers.

Bring 'Em Back Alive originally was intended to be released as a series of short adventure films. Buck had a lot of difficulties financing the making of the picture. No one sensed its possibilities. Tried out as a feature at the New York Mayfair Theater, the film was an instant box-office wallop. Much of the success was due to the sensational battle between a tiger and a python, which, by the way, almost had been cut from the picture as too strong for public taste.

Now all the movie magnates, sensing a craving for adventure films out of the stereotyped mold, are hot upon the trail. Buck himself is to make a sequel to Bring 'Em Back Alive. W. S. Van Dyke, who made Trader Horn, is in Alaska with a movie troupe. Universal had a company in Tahiti. A Fox company is going into the jungles of India and Malaysia. Doug Fairbanks is to film a big-game hunt in Mongolia and Siberia. These are the forerunners of an avalanche of nature-in-the-raw films.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ LIFE BEGINS

CAST

Grace Sutton	Loretta Young
Jed Sutton	Eric Linden
Miss Bowers	Aline MacMahon
Florette	Glenda Farrell
Psychopathic patient	Dorothy Peterson
Mrs. MacGilvary	Vivienne Osborne
Banks	Frank McHugh
Tony	Gilbert Roland
Dr. Cramm	Hale Hamilton
Mr. MacGilvary	Herbert Mundin
Dr. Brett	Preston Foster
Dr. Tubby	Walter Walker
Mrs. West	Clara Blandick
Mrs. Banks	Gloria Shea
Mrs. Tubby	Elizabeth Patterson

Directed by James Flood.
Produced by Warner-First National.

The talkies have stepped far since the old reticent days when the husband learned of an approaching baby upon discovering his wife knitting a tiny garment. The action of Life Begins take place in a maternity ward.

To this ward is brought a young girl from a murderer's cell. Her boy husband is faced with the tragic problem: which of two shall emerge alive from the ward? Shall the baby be given its chance of survival or shall the girl be saved for a prison cell? The boy decided, but the girl takes the decision into her own hands.

Here is a difficult subject treated with tact, taste, and honesty. The acting of Loretta Young, Eric Linden, and Aline MacMahon is excellent.

Life Begins is somber and tragic. Go prepared to weep.

★ ★ ½ OKAY AMERICA

CAST

Larry Wayne	Lew Ayres
Miss Barton	Maureen O'Sullivan
Mileaway Rosso	Louis Calhern
City Editor	Walter Catlett
Newspaper Owner	Allan Dinehart
The Big Shot	Edward Arnold
Ruth Drake	Margaret Lindsay
Secretary Drake	Wallis Clarke
Mrs. Drake	Nance O'Neil
President	Frederick Burton
Police-Commissioner	Frank Sheridan
Mrs. Wright	Marjorie Gateson
Sam	Henry Armetta

Directed by Tay Garnett.
Produced by Universal.

Once again the hero is one of those Broadway newspaper men who strides back stage, brushes past head waiters, slips into gangster conferences, all with aplomb and assurance.

When the daughter of a wealthy cabinet member is kidnaped, the columnist takes it upon himself to recover the girl. The boss of the underworld offers the girl in return for the dismissal of Federal charges against him. Th[illegible] columnist carries an offer

Broadway

Ward, Another Newspaper Divorce Problem, and a he Week's New Films

JAMES SMITH

The work of Peggy Shannon and Spencer Tracy adds to the charm of The Painted Woman.

At the left are Lois Wilson, Conrad Nagel, and young Jackie Cooper in Divorce in the Family.

of this trade to the President, receives his refusal to dicker, returns to the gang chieftain to kill him. He takes the kidnaped girl to the police and rushes to the radio to broadcast his deed. But as the air waves carry his story, they also carry the sound of a shot. Then the startled world of listeners hears the whisper, "Okay America," pandemonium, silence.

Universal tried to get Walter Winchell to play the columnist in this film, but he refused. The rôle went to Lew Ayres, who is too callow, too adolescent, for the wise lad who knows all the shams of Broadway. This is unfortunate, for the melodrama has pace and excitement.

★ ★ ½ DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY

CAST

Terry Parker	Jackie Cooper
Dr. Shumaker	Conrad Nagel
John Parker	Lewis Stone
Mrs. Shumaker	Lois Wilson
Al Parker	Maurice Murphy
Lucille	Jean Parker
Kenny	Lawrence Grant
Rosetta	Louise Beavers

Directed by Charles F. Reisner.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The problem of the child in the midst of divorce is here told lightly, superficially. Eight-year-old Terry Parker's mother divorces her archæological explorer husband to marry a doctor. Terry has loved his father for his careless, adventurous restlessness. He cannot understand his methodical stepfather—and he rebels. This rebellion, unfortunately, goes melodramatic. There is no real working out of the child's problem.

However, Jackie Cooper gives an admirable performance of the puzzled victim of divorce. As his more grown-up brother, Maurice Murphy is decidedly promising. Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel nicely contrast the two fathers.

★ THE PAINTED WOMAN

CAST

Tom Brian	Spencer Tracy
Kiddo	Peggy Shannon
Boynton	William Boyd
Robert Dunn	Irving Pichel
Jim	Paul Roulien
Collins	Murray Kinnell

Directed by John Blystone.
Produced by Fox.

Another beautiful, loving wanderer of the South Seas cringing at the kisses of sailors, longing for a stalwart defender. Based on a story called After the Rain, this yarn has all the appearance of having been hastily written to fit a Rain company that had lost its actor playing the Rev. Davidson. An ex-marine falls in love with a pretty light-o'-love, redeems her, is confronted with a dark menace from her past.

Pretty weak, palpably false, yet given a certain vitality by Spencer Tracy's performance of the marine and by Peggy Shannon's prettiness.

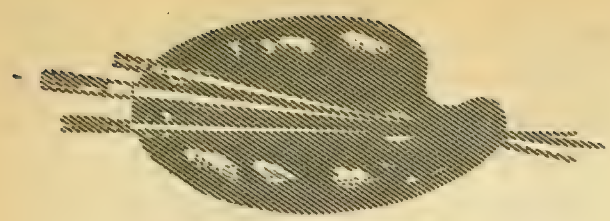
Do you know that—

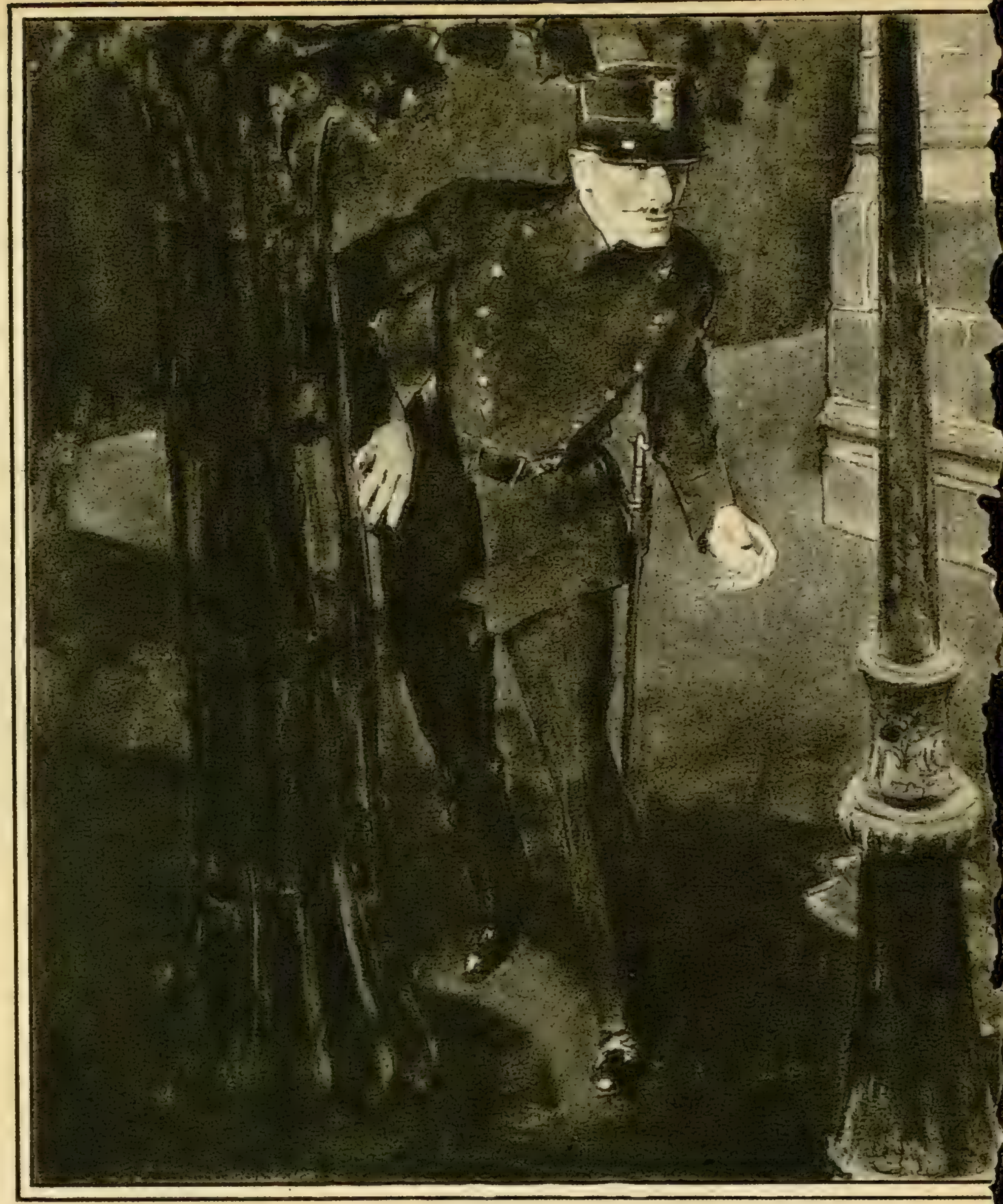
William Powell and his wife, Carole Lombard, are to appear together in Warners' The Lowdown, presenting the adventures of a press agent?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel, Congress Dances.

★★★—Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan.





The agent felt that this couple would bear watchin

The STRIKE

When Romance Is Born, Who Wants to Work?

(Reading time: 31 minutes 33 seconds.)

AS Dan Follett threaded among the teeming tables of the Café de la Paix, the Byron girl—"that colorless Byron girl" he thought when he thought of her at all—looked up, bowed, smiled reservedly. Then she laid a warning hand on the arm of her mistress, or employer, or whatever she might be called, the stringy Mrs. Coleman. Before he reached the corner divan by the open window, they two had risen and the Byron girl was arranging Mrs. Coleman's lace coat. Mrs. Pemberthy, her back toward him, did not look around.

He had come, responsive to Mrs. Pemberthy's *petit bleu*, in the spirit of a drowning man who clutches at a straw. It might mean—how could he tell?—a way out. Mrs. Pemberthy had been rushing him of late. These two inseparables of her aimless afternoons were under agreement to leave him alone with her as soon as he arrived. Mrs. Pemberthy greeted him casually but cordially:

"Hello, Dan. Your bock's coming. Must you go, Etta? All of you, before you scatter—I've found a lovely new haunt of snappy sin—Le Chat Fou on the Rue Dordogne. Cooking that would reconcile you with prohibition and music that shakes your bones. Won't you all dine with me there tomorrow? Say eight?" Dan hesitated a moment before he accepted. The Byron girl was gathering up Mrs. Coleman's scarf, drawing on her own heavy driving gloves. Sort of a female chauffeur. Whenever he saw her, daytimes, she was driving her employer in that funny little European coupé. Always wore that sort of veil thing twisted round her head. Was she ashamed of her hair? Probably colorless, like the rest of her. No life in her, no light. Yet her features and figure had their paintable points—especially the way her nose grew out of her forehead. Cold as a fish. Well, what could you expect in a girl who would sign up as companion to an aimless, painted old skeleton like Mrs. Coleman?

He dropped his long frame down opposite Mrs. Pemberthy, and his reserved smile, which always lit two dimples in his lean cheek, flashed on her for an instant and faded. A foaming bock dropped at his elbow. Mrs. Pemberthy was a magician in such matters.

"What's the matter, painter boy?" asked Mrs. Pemberthy.

"Why—do I look as though anything was the matter?" he asked in turn.

"You look to me," she said, "like an abstract of the bad news. It's the perfect expression for a young man who's leaving Paris and doesn't want to go."

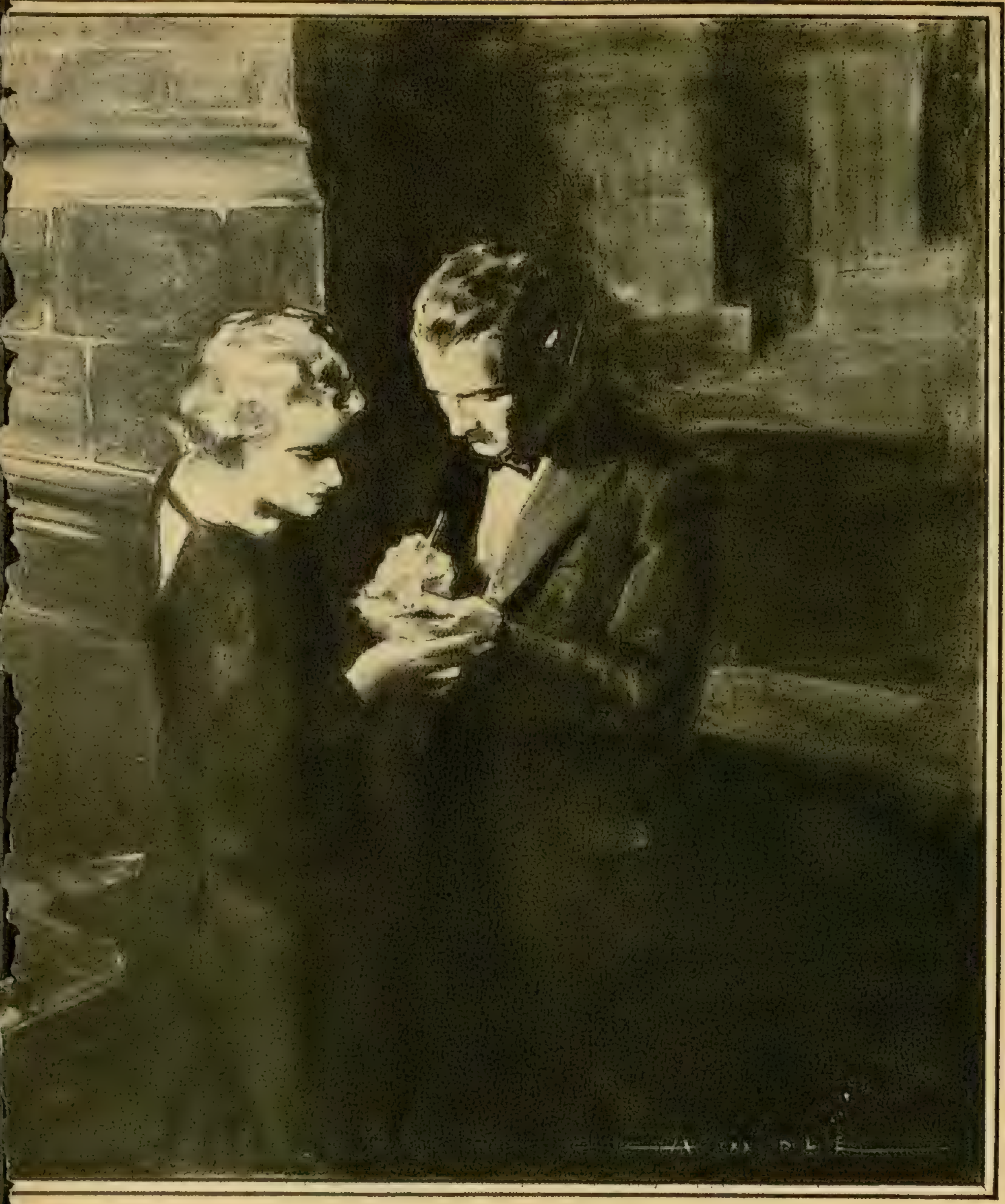
"Suppose I am leaving Paris?" He said this a little defiantly.

"Suppose you are! You know, boy, there's nothing for the likes of you in New York! And you know you shouldn't leave just when you're beginning to find yourself."

"WHO told you I was leaving?"

Mrs. Pemberthy dropped her hand on his. Plumpish, perfectly kept, artificially red of nail, it wore a single big square-cut emerald. When she called him "boy" in that way, as though spelling it with a capital, he felt more than uncomfortable. Though he resisted an impulse to withdraw his hand, he wriggled in his seat. "Let's say I read it in Le Matin," she said. "How I learned it isn't the point. You're leaving just when it may be fatal to you as an artist."

"Well, there are colors and canvases and paints to be had in New York," he said with assumed casualness,



He seemed to be adding figures on the back of an envelope.

at BIBO'S

By WILL IRWIN

Pictures by W. C. HOOPLE

“and even models.” But as he said it his limpidly sullen eyes of youth were looking past Mrs. Pemberthy to the uniforms and gay gowns, the fuss and flutter, the tender green linden leaves and brilliant dappled light which were April in Paris. Mrs. Pemberthy lifted her hand.

“But that isn't painting in Paris—in the atmosphere,” she said. “You know, Dan, you're great—potentially. Delaguette himself says you're one of the few young painters who have something on him. What you need is a year or so to paint just as you please, and experiment and learn. You'll get commercial at once—in New York.” Mrs. Pemberthy always let a shade of scorn into her voice when she mentioned the city of her birth. “No one in your situation—unattached, loving the place, needing it for a while—ever sailed home except for one reason.”

Dan regarded her defiantly.

“What do you know about my reasons?” he asked.

“Splendid young brute you are, Dan,” said Mrs. Pemberthy. “Direct and rough, like all modern youth. Which is what I like about them. And about you. I'm going to be just as direct. Unless you've raised the wind from some mysterious source, you've about two hundred and thirty dollars and a few studio materials between you and the careless world.”

Dan flushed. He still held his eyes averted.

“You don't deny it,” she pursued.

“All right, I won't deny it,” said Dan. “But being a young brute I'll ask you how you found out.”

“And what it's *to* me,” added Mrs. Pemberthy.

“Since you've been kind enough to express my idea—exactly.”

“HOW I know—never mind. Mama has one of the best intelligence departments in the city of Paris. Dan, if you could sell some paintings right now you wouldn't be going home—would you?”

“But they *won't* sell.”

“No, they won't sell. But imagine—if you can stay a year or so more and find yourself—the value to whoever has them of a lot of early Folletts.”

“Haywire!” said Dan.

“Now you're behaving conventionally. Be yourself, Dan—artistic young brute, including the appropriate conceit. Because mama proposes to have a set of early Folletts.”

Now Dan's eyes met hers squarely.

“You mean—” he said.

“I mean I have a plan for keeping you here—where you should be—for a year or two more.”

“I ought to say much obliged,” replied Dan. “But you've just classified me as a young brute. So may I make so bold as to inquire into details?”

“Well, first I propose to buy a canvas or so”—Mrs. Pemberthy hesitated momentarily and glanced at Dan's seedy gray suit, his overwashed flannel shirt—“to get you the clothes you'll need. And then—I'm starting off with the big car to the Loire, to Spain, to Italy—anywhere else my girlish fancy leads. Etta Coleman is coming along—and her Byron girl, of course. And I'll take you on for courier. I always go leisurely when I motor—some days I'm not on the road three hours. And my courier has positively nothing to do. Time for you to sketch, to see the galleries. Does that sound attractive?”

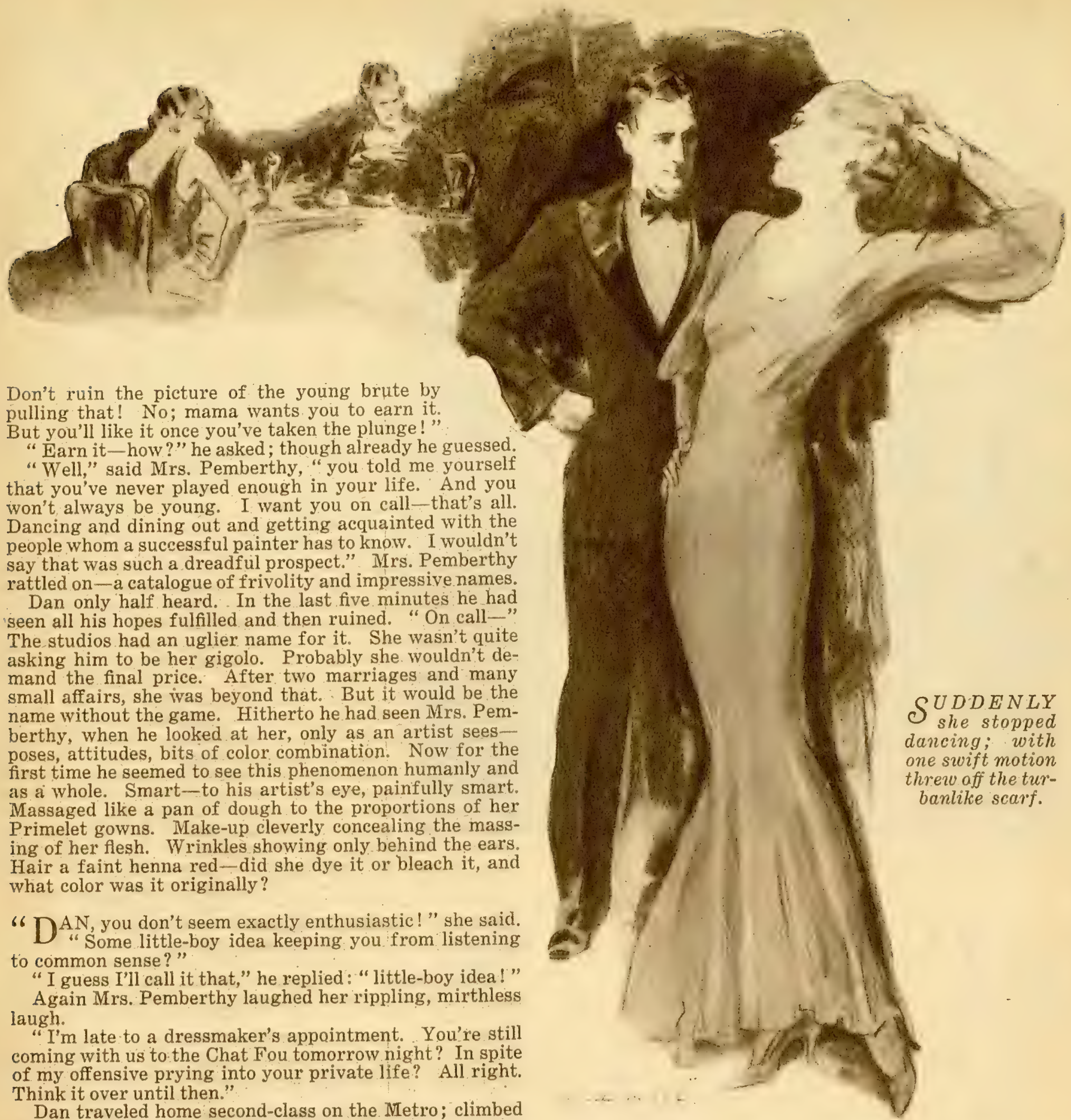
“Very,” said Dan a little dryly. “And afterward?”

“Next winter? That will be taken care of. I'll buy more canvases, for one thing. I suspect it will take quite a number. Still, who knows when you'll find yourself and begin to sell? But you must begin to associate with the right kind of people. I'll open the doors.”

Dan's face had lightened a moment before. But as Mrs. Pemberthy proceeded, the veil of sullen gloom dropped again.

“I'm grateful,” he began, “but—”

“Grateful!” interrupted Mrs. Pemberthy. “Don't talk to mama about gratitude! I haven't expected that these twenty years. It doesn't exist. Why should it?



SUDDENLY she stopped dancing; with one swift motion threw off the turbanlike scarf.

Don't ruin the picture of the young brute by pulling that! No; mama wants you to earn it. But you'll like it once you've taken the plunge!"

"Earn it—how?" he asked; though already he guessed.

"Well," said Mrs. Pemberthy, "you told me yourself that you've never played enough in your life. And you won't always be young. I want you on call—that's all. Dancing and dining out and getting acquainted with the people whom a successful painter has to know. I wouldn't say that was such a dreadful prospect." Mrs. Pemberthy rattled on—a catalogue of frivolity and impressive names.

Dan only half heard. In the last five minutes he had seen all his hopes fulfilled and then ruined. "On call—" The studios had an uglier name for it. She wasn't quite asking him to be her gigolo. Probably she wouldn't demand the final price. After two marriages and many small affairs, she was beyond that. But it would be the name without the game. Hitherto he had seen Mrs. Pemberthy, when he looked at her, only as an artist sees—poses, attitudes, bits of color combination. Now for the first time he seemed to see this phenomenon humanly and as a whole. Smart—to his artist's eye, painfully smart. Massaged like a pan of dough to the proportions of her Primelet gowns. Make-up cleverly concealing the massing of her flesh. Wrinkles showing only behind the ears. Hair a faint henna red—did she dye it or bleach it, and what color was it originally?

"DAN, you don't seem exactly enthusiastic!" she said. "Some little-boy idea keeping you from listening to common sense?"

"I guess I'll call it that," he replied: "little-boy idea!"

Again Mrs. Pemberthy laughed her rippling, mirthless laugh.

"I'm late to a dressmaker's appointment. You're still coming with us to the Chat Fou tomorrow night? In spite of my offensive prying into your private life? All right. Think it over until then."

Dan traveled home second-class on the Metro; climbed a little wearily the four flights of stairs which usually he took three steps at a bound. The studio was in tumbled disorder—clothes and books piled helter-skelter on the cot bed, crates revealing the edges of canvases, more canvases piled in the corner waiting their turn. He looked at the mess for a moment with dull eyes. A half an hour ago it had seemed as though there were a way out. Then Fate had closed that door. Of course there was no way out. "Species of gigolo!" he said to himself with the contemptuous inflection which he had heard the studios put into that phrase. And the Venus was still sailing on Thursday, and he still had the certificate for a deposit on a tourist-third ticket in his inside pocket. He jerked off his coat, found a hammer, and set himself to crating pictures.

A clatter on the stairs like a stampede of young colts; a knock at the door; and the room flooded with youth—Billy Hobart, Al Watson, and their odd inseparable, Tony Arata the Argentinian.

Dan raised his long form from nailing a box.

"What's your kindergarten got on that vacancy inside your skulls?" he asked.

"Thoughts so brilliant that your puny intelligence can scarce follow," said Billy. "Saturday morning we leave Paris and you're going along—"

"On secondhand bicycles," interrupted Al, "and third-class trains when the grades are too heavy—"

"To Spain!" put in Tony, tossing the mop of black hair which shaded his brilliant eyes and tawny face. "I weel display to you El Greco, ze gr-r-eat—"

"Shut up, spig!" This from Billy. "Yes, Brittany and Spain and Italy—and Vienna if the money holds out—"

The rest came in interruptions and splashes: "stopping to sketch"—"atmosphere of the Tagus"—"tasting the wines and girls of the country"—"an', my Gord, Velasquez—"

"How much do you millionaires figure it is going to cost—the whole show?"

"It can be done for four hundred dollars a head," said Billy.

"I just asked for curiosity," said Dan, a little too promptly. "I've important business at home. I'm sailing Thursday."

Teasing now. Humorous advice to forget the New York girl. But finally he cleaned them all out on his promise to meet them tomorrow for first-drink time at the Dôme. All but Al Watson. As the herd clattered down the stairs he detached himself, came back. Dan had known the quiet and sterling Al since his first month in Paris when they found themselves on adjoining stools at Colorossi's.

"Broke?" asked Al.

What was the use of denying it to Al? So:

"Sure!" said Dan.

"Tom Ripley told me that last week," said Al. "But Tom talks so much haywire, I didn't take it seriously."

Dan's memory flashed. That accounted for Mrs. Pemberthy's knowledge of his affairs. He had, as a matter of fact, told it all to Tom, the loosest tongue in the Quarter, in a regretted burst of confidence. And Tom always went to Mrs. Pemberthy's Friday nights.

"What next?" inquired Al.

"From the lithograph shop I came and back to the lith I go," said Dan. "The old job's always waiting. I'll save enough for another bust after a year or so. And maybe I can scratch together a little from an exhibition of this junk in New York."

"Can't you try illustrating?"

"Can't and won't. Nor commercial work either. Going to play it straight on this line."

AL reflected a moment; seemed to struggle with shyness before he brought out his compliment:

"You've probably got more on you—essentially—than any other bird round these parts. You know how I'm fixed. My father can just afford to keep me here, or I'd be trying to lend you the price for this summer trip. Damn' shame."

"Well, while differing with your kind remarks on my punk piece of talent, I agree with you on the damn' shame," said Dan.

"What you need is a patron," said Al. "It would ruin most of us—but not you."

"Yes, and what John D. Rockefeller needs is a new head of hair," replied Dan. "But thanks for the *langouste*—and I don't want to talk about it any more just now. Bean too blue. See you tomorrow, first-drink time, at the Dôme."

But when Al had withdrawn, Dan did not resume his packing. He took a nervous turn round the studio.

Spain and Italy. He would leave Europe without once beholding the marvel of Italy—all the beauty which was his business in life.

And suddenly he saw Mrs. Pemberthy's proposition in a new light.

After all, what was there disgraceful about it? Great artists of the past had accepted patrons. It was the only way they got on. And they paid for it by dancing attendance at the courts of the Medici or the Philippes. What difference did it make in this age whether the patron was a man or a

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woman? Look at it just as another means of working your way through school. Washing dishes or driving a car or running round with an old woman who cared for nothing except the pleasure of the moment—it all came to the same thing, didn't it?

"Species of gigolo"—that's what they'd say in the studios. But he himself would know better. That was the main point. And if he kept on painting and delivered the goods, that would be the answer. He'd be earning the money as honestly as though he were Mrs. Pemberthy's butler or chauffeur. She'd said, herself, that there'd be no funny business—and there wouldn't! If you were going to be a really big-time artist, you sacrificed everything to art. Then why gag at a few private feelings? Le Puy en Velay and Nîmes and the light falling in globules on the fields of the Loire. And it wasn't as though he really disliked the old lady. . . .

Suddenly Dan rose, jerked on his coat, fled out of doors to the Bureau des Télégraphes at the corner. So decisively that his pencil tore the paper, he wired to Mrs. Pemberthy:

"All right, I accept. See you at Le Chat Fou tomorrow." As he strode back to his garret, he reflected that he ought to feel relieved—and didn't. Perhaps that was why he made only a few motions at unpacking, and then left things as they were.

THE party at the Chat Fou wasn't going any too well. Dan had approached it lightly, even humorously. He would kid it to himself. That was the only way. But a subtle, hidden duel of the generations, the classes, and the sexes had opened between him and Mrs. Pemberthy almost the instant he entered the room. He was wearing his worn and shiny old dinner suit and his last unfrayed dress shirt. As he seated himself between Mrs. Coleman and the Byron girl, Mrs. Pemberthy swept her eye over him appraisingly. Her glance rested on the shiniest spot of the coat lapel. His own gaze, evading hers, rested on an individual with patent-leather hair, needle-peaked lapels, a waistcoat which achieved the effect of being loud even though it was white. He sat two tables away with a woman twice his age, who patted his hand at intervals. Probably she'd insist on dressing him something like that. Well, if the name, why not the uniform?

Also, when they were settled and the cocktails had arrived:

"So you're going along, Mr. Follett!" began Etta Coleman. She gave the same impression of expensive veneer over stale goods as did Mrs. Pemberthy. Only she had no struggle with flesh. Her mauve gown hung from her square and skinny shoulders as from a rack. She must have had violet colorings and purple shadows in her skin when she was young, Dan reflected; for she had made purple her own especial color. It tinged her face powder, mitigated the blotches of black in the make-up under her eyes.

"So you're going with us!" repeated Mrs. Coleman. "All together in the big car!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Pemberthy crisply, "the big car, but not all together, I think, Etta. We'll need more room, now that there are four of us. I think you'd better follow your original plan. Dan and I will go ahead in the big car with the baggage; my maid, of course, will ride with the chauffeur. Jane will drive you after us in your roadster. Sometimes we'll change, of course."

It wouldn't happen often. Not very often. Gee, alone all day with Mrs. Pemberthy! Jane, of course, was the Byron girl. He couldn't remember ever hearing her first name before. She looked especially sulky this evening. Rather a paintable sulkiness, though. He'd have to do a study of her with that expression. Wearing turquoise blue. That was her color; it threw lights on her skin. Why did she usually wear those sad grays and browns? And why did she keep those veils around her hair? Oriental effect—not the thing for a blonde.

The *hors d'œuvres* had come, and the soup. The conversation shuttled back and forth between Mrs. Pemberthy and Mrs. Coleman—plans for the tour. No sense in starting the day before *déjeuner*, Mrs. Pemberthy said. One o'clock was a good time. (Then he could get in some painting, mornings.) Discussion of the itinerary. Mrs. Pemberthy had that all laid out. Mrs. Coleman accepted it with only a few weak squawks. Gist of it all was that they stopped every night at a town where there was a cabaret or some famous restaurant. Discussion of hotels and hotel arrangements. Feminine stuff. Dan's mind and eyes wandered to the Negro jazz orchestra tuning up. Then a phrase called his attention back.

"DAN must have his room on the same floor as mine," Mrs. Pemberthy was saying. "For the first time I'll have along a man whom I can trust, and I'm going to take some real jewelry. Dan can look after it at night and bring it to Rosalie at noon." (Great cats, painting all the morning with about forty thousand dollars' worth of emeralds on his person!) "Jane can take care of ordering the rooms until Dan gets more experienced. Remember, Jane, rooms on the same floor for me and Mr. Follett."

Jane Byron took a sip of wine and:

"Adjoining?" she inquired. It was the first word she had uttered all the evening. Mrs. Coleman only glared, and:

"Rather not!" said Mrs. Pemberthy acidly.

The fish was finished; the orchestra had begun to blare. Mrs. Pemberthy rose and held out her arms invitingly to Dan; they swung out on to the floor. Tall, athletic without ever having practiced athletics, the rhythm of an artist in his movements, he danced superbly. Mrs. Pemberthy, for all her size and weight, was as light as a feather on her feet. "Little cat!" she said once, and then, as though wishing to pursue that subject no further, changed to criticism of his dancing. He must cut out those Latin Quarter steps. “And we'll revise some of your Quarter ideas on clothes,” she added. “Just a touch of art but not too arty. We'll see about it tomorrow.” As they swung past their own table he saw that Mrs. Coleman was talking fast and angrily, and that Jane Byron was sitting as stiff as a ramrod. Next turn—Jane Byron was missing. As he swung Mrs. Pemberthy back to her seat, she reappeared from the ladies' room. Over shoulders and bodice she had drawn a dull, impersonal brown scarf with nondescript orange spots.

“I told Jane,” explained Mrs. Coleman, “to cover that outrageous old blue dress. I thought she'd given it away. It positively hurts my eyes!”

The roast; the orchestra again. Remembering that he should pass round his favors, Dan asked Mrs. Coleman to dance. She refused with her inscrutable half smile. “Then will you?” he asked Jane Byron. She stood up at once, slipped off the scarf, floated away in his arms. He fancied he heard a gasp from behind him.

“GLAD you took that thing off,” said Dan. “Turquoise is the color for your skin.” She was a grouch; but she was young and therefore to be complimented.

“Yes, and I'm not allowed to wear it,” she said. She danced easily, lightly, with a rhythm which accommodated itself perfectly to his. Between her dancing and Mrs. Pemberthy's he felt the difference between nature and art.

“Aren't you allowed to wear what you want?” he asked.

“No—and you won't be!” she said.

It struck him so straight between the eyes, this cool, casual remark, that he missed a step; then staggered on with compliments:

“I've always wondered why you covered your hair—” he began.

“Like a nun,” she said. “Or a trained nurse. Want to see a nun get sacrilegious?” They were in a corner. Suddenly she stopped dancing; with one swift motion threw off the turbanlike scarf, tossed her head. Her hair broke on him like the sun out of a cloud. It was golden, with a sparkle that reflected back the garish electric lights; but there were dark tones in it, too. By day it must be honey color and—yes—a touch of green. Half-bobbed hair that had started to be curly and given it up; and now, disarranged by that turban thing, tossed in a rebellious torrent. And its reflection seemed to light her eyes; turn them, by some miracle of color, from uninteresting blue to brilliant violet.

“Gosh!” said Dan.

“Let's go on dancing,” said the Byron girl, draping the turban thing over her arm. “We're A. W. O. L., as they used to say in the dear old artillery.”

“Well, don't wear that towel any more,” advised Dan as they swung

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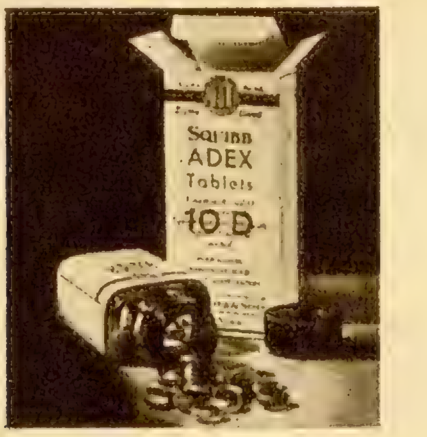

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SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10D

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 31

1—Saying little in many words.
2—Lafayette, in 1825.
3—W. H. Harrison; six sons, four daughters.
4—Rote.
5—A small antelope.
6—From Joannes Duns Scotus, a schoolman, who died in 1308.
7—One half cent.
8—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles.
9—Reconstruction Finance Corporation.
10—Memorial Day and Independence Day.
11—Syria.
12—To designate the sizes of roofing slate.
13—A piece of paper, as a note, thrown from the rear of a train.
14—Fish of the smelt family.
15—Six feet.
16—A theory that language originated in imitation of natural sounds, as those of dogs, birds, etc.
17—Named from Dumdum in India, where bullets are manufactured for the Indian army.
18—Six.
19—Van Diemen's Land.
20—Fabric made from mulberry bark by natives of the South Pacific islands.

away. "I'll want to enjoy that hair on our trip. Want to paint it."

"I suppose," said Jane Byron, "you expect to have a perfectly feverish good time?"

"I suppose I wouldn't be going along if I didn't expect to enjoy it," replied Dan a little defiantly. "Don't you?"

"No, frankly. But it's a matter of temperament, I suppose." What did she mean by matter of temperament? The possible inference stung him. He was blushing painfully as he swung her back to her seat. She did not resume her brown scarf, but draped it, with that rag off her head, on the back of her chair. Mrs. Coleman bent on her personal annex a glance which expressed some indignation too strong for words. She appeared at this moment not an exotic but simply a horribly disagreeable old woman, all painted up. Nor did Mrs. Pemberthy look much more pleasant. She dipped a fork into her Brussels sprouts, tasted, began picking over her plate. Suddenly she dropped the fork with a grimace of disdain, clapped her hands sharply.

"*Garçon,*" she said in her sparkling French. "Here! Is it that I pay what I do for *choux de Bruxelles* at this place and I must eat it burned?" Dan had already sampled his portion. To him, accustomed to seven-franc dinners, it had seemed delicious.

"A thousand pardons, madame—" began the waiter.

"And a thousand thunders!" said Mrs. Pemberthy. "Where's the *maître d'hôtel?*"

The head waiter was already at her elbow, bowing and scraping. With the air of holding the waiter personally responsible, he ordered the *légume* removed. It was an error. Such, unfortunately, happened now and then. Would madame have another order of *choux de Bruxelles?* Could he serve her some other *légume?*

"NO, take it all away!" exclaimed Mrs. Pemberthy in French; and then in English:

"Oh, to hell with this place! It's about as decadent as a strawberry social. Let's have our cheese and coffee at Bibo's." She did not wait for assent. "Cancel the rest of the order, waiter!" she cried. "And the *addition!*" She was on her feet. "Here, Dan. Pay this. Meet us at the car. Tip just ten per cent—no more. And if they dare to charge for that *légume* stuff, don't you pay!" She had opened her shiny evening bag. In the presence of the whole Chat Fou—which, scenting a disturbance in the nervous Parisian way, was craning its collective neck—she was handing him a roll of hundred-franc notes.

"Remember—don't pay for that mess!" she said as she swept Mrs. Coleman and Jane Byron ahead of her to the ladies' room.

Dan sat with the furtive eyes of the Chat Fou upon him. A party of Americans two tables away were talking in low tones broken by giggles from the prettiest girl among them. A knot of enameled girls in a corner were laughing immoderately at something. The bill came. It included the offending *choux de Bruxelles.* And there had been nothing the matter with it—nothing except the faint suspicion of a brown edge on Mrs. Pemberthy's portion. He'd be damned if he'd raise a row about that. He had his own money in his pocket. No, he'd be damned if he'd do that, either! Just pay and have it out with Mrs. Pemberthy when he handed her the change. For the first time, he knew the impulse to strangle a woman. Ensconced in the car, he said:

"Here's your change!"

Rather to his disappointment, Mrs. Pemberthy did not even glance at the money as she sunk it in her bag. For her eyes were on Jane Byron, occupying the folding seat opposite her; and you could feel a tension.

"You must!" said Mrs. Coleman.

"Oh, very well!" said the Byron girl. From her arm she drew that veil thing, twisted it about her head.

"If there's anything I hate, it's hair like that!" said Mrs. Coleman.

Mrs. Pemberthy laughed that silvery, mirthless laugh.

"I think it's grand hair," said Dan.

Mrs. Pemberthy's laugh stopped in the midst of a trill.

ALL the way to Bibo's she and Mrs. Coleman made conversation about the decline of honesty in Parisian tradesmen. Those two young things, Dan and Jane, sat like statues beside each other on the folding seats. Both stared out of the window at the receding hazy lights that blurred and made mysterious the color of night in Paris. Jane drew a long breath like a sigh. Dan found himself sighing in sympathy. Awareness of her was growing painfully acute. Why did his hand, against his will, creep over and rest on her arm? She let it rest so for a moment—then, with a kind of shake, pulled away.

Bibo's. Glittering doormen, a girl squalling something at a sullen man in evening clothes. Scent of perfume, wines, humanity. Red plush, hot red lights. Music that staggered. Mrs. Pemberthy fighting for a table by the dance floor. Installed now; and Mrs. Pemberthy ordering.

"Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Coleman.

With a kind of rhythmic deliberation, Jane Byron was again unwinding the scarf from her head. Before she answered, she opened her bag, produced powder puff, rouge, eyebrow pencil; laid them out on the table; began reddening her lips. Only then did she answer:

"*Oui, madame!*" Her drawl was divinely insolent.

Mrs. Coleman panted with suppressed emotion. Mrs. Pemberthy let out her metallic laugh. Deftly Jane finished off her lips, began on her eyebrows, her eyelashes. Dan watched her emerging as from a chrysalis. The impersonal Miss Byron—she was life, woman, youth!

“You stop that this minute!” said Mrs. Coleman.

“Very well. I've finished, anyway!” said Jane, putting away her make-up tools.

Mrs. Coleman had found her voice now. It had changed like her face. Gone was the clipped cosmopolitan accent. It shook with rage imperfectly suppressed, and its sharp intonations were of the Middle West.

“I know what's got into you!” she said. “There's a young man round. Trying to impress a young man—you—you—”

The blaze in Jane Byron's eyes gave the final touch of glory.

“Hussy!” she prompted. “Strumpet! Trollop!” She was on her feet; she had torn from the back of her chair the brown scarf and the gray veil.

“These,” she said, with snaky distinctness, “belong to you!” She started to pass them over; as on a new impulse, ripped them both in two, crumpled them, dropped them on the table before Mrs. Coleman. Her hair flew as though charged with electricity; little teeth like grains of pop corn showed clenched between her red lips. She picked up her water glass, drew back her arm. Mrs. Coleman was cringing in her chair. But Jane did not throw the water. Instead, she turned the glass over on the mess in the center of the table and stood panting. From the corner of his eye Dan saw a cloud of waiters assembling. Bibo's, used to scenes, was inserting its screen.

“YOU little hell-cat!” exploded Mrs. Coleman. “Leave this place this minute. Don't you ever let me see you again! You're fired.”

“No,” said Jane Byron, “I've quit. As I was saying, those rags are yours. So is that gunny sack I've been wearing for an evening coat. You'll find it in the check room.”

“Don't you dare come to me for your week's pay!” Mrs. Coleman was almost squalling now. “If you do, I'll have you arrested—”

“You're welcome to the money,” said Jane Byron. “Keep it for your trouble in showing me what you call Paris!”

She turned, thrust a waiter out of the way, started for the door.

“Dan!” exclaimed Mrs. Pemberthy. “Get the waiter—have this mess cleaned up— Why didn't you stop this?”

Dan was on his feet.

“I'm quitting too!” was all he said. Through the bubble of the second scene that evening, he pushed his way, hatless and coatless, out of Bibo's. Where—ah, there was a splash of turquoise blue on the pavement half a block away.

She was signaling for a taxicab. At top speed he ran to her, waved the taxi away. She turned on him—eyes of fury.

“Don't you dare stop me!” she said. “Don't you dare try to get me back there! Go back yourself—where you belong!”

“But I don't belong—and I'm not going back,” he said simply. “Come on—let's walk awhile.”

He had the sense of taking command of the situation—the sudden feeling that he could command any situation.

She looked him over, and the blaze in her eyes died out. He took her hand, tucked it under his arm. Without a word, she fell in beside him step for step.

He turned her into one of the dark and quiet streets that lead toward the square of La Trinité.

Neither said anything for the space of a block. Then she spoke suddenly:

“Don't you feel rotten after you've lost your temper?”

“And relieved, too,” he said.

“Yes, relieved, too. And I don't take any of it back. Did you see me when I picked up that glass of water? I was going to throw it into her face—when I remembered I was a lady!” At this they both laughed.

“I wish you had,” said Dan. “I'd like to see what's under all that purple.”

“Something like what the ultra cubists do,” she said. They laughed again, this time immoderately—the laughter of tension released—until a passing *agent de police* rattled his side arm in its scabbard and called:

“*Monsieur et madame, on dort!*”

Jane wiped her eyes.

“Well, that's that!” she said. “I

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haven't behaved this way since I last slapped my nurse. And now I'm alone in Paris, a free agent."

"What are you going to do next?"

Her tone went grave:

"Don't know, exactly."

"Any money?"

"Not much."

"How much? Don't dodge, now."

"It wasn't a salary she was paying me—just a kind of spending allowance," she said, dodging in spite of his command.

"How much?" he persisted.

"Well—now that she's held up on me—about forty dollars," she said. "And I suppose the old buzzard will hang on to my very toothbrush."

He whistled.

"Paris is a hard place to be broke."

"Paris! What I want is the good old U. S. A. I want to wrap it around me!"

"What were you doing on such a job?"

"Oh, romantic desire to see the world. She found me managing the New York end of a travel bureau—me who had never traveled! She wanted a self-effacing companion. I was effaced all right! I couldn't show my hair—you saw that—and I couldn't use make-up, because all she wanted was a background. Picked all my clothes—and always the wrong color, of course!

"Sometime I'll hand you a laugh by telling you the secrets of *her* toilet. Little quiet mouse—and I'd acted it so long that I was becoming it! I wish now I had slung the water."

Suddenly she looked up at him.

"And what were you doing in that *galère?*" she asked.

Dan hesitated a moment before he plunged in; told it simply and without sparing himself.

"But the thing I don't know yet," he concluded, "is how the Pemberthy female found I had just two hundred and thirty dollars left and was going home."

Jane said nothing for a moment. Then:

"Perhaps someone told her."

He glanced down.

"You?"

SHE nodded. "Tom Ripley blew into Mrs. Pemberthy's Friday-night circus about half plastered. He spilled it. And I thought Mrs. Pemberthy might buy a picture or two. I'll say my little scheme went wrong! When I saw tonight what you seemed to be standing for, I could have bitten myself—and you!"

"You wanted me to stay in Paris?"

"I didn't want any young artist to give up his career," she said. But it was the way she said it—hastily, almost apologetically.

They had reached the great sweeps of pavement where the square flows into the staircases of La Trinité. There was no moon; only the street lamps.

As by common impulse they stopped here, in the shadow of the great curving walls.

Dan caught his breath. He was trying to struggle against a wave that was carrying him away. And why should he struggle?

"Jane, Jane," he said—and his voice choked—"I'm going to kiss you now—"

"You're not!" said Jane; but she, too, was having trouble with her voice.

"But I am—because—I mean it—I never meant anything so much before in my life!"

Jane said nothing.

The *agent de police* on the beat before La Trinité felt that this hatless, coatless couple would bear watching.

It was not that they had kissed so long and so enthusiastically. That happened commonly on his beat. It was of nature and one was young only once. But, between these pretty passages, they came out under the street lamp and behaved suspiciously. For one thing, she opened her bag and counted money. For another, he seemed to be adding figures on the back of an envelope. It smelled of robbery.

With the skill acquired in police school, the agent crept unseen to the cover of a tree near by. But their talk was apparently in English, name of a dog! And those shoes! Americans! One did not try to account for Americans.

The agent withdrew as stealthily as he had advanced.

THIS was the bit of English conversation, all Greek to him, which he had overheard:

"Two hundred and seventy-two dollars between us. One hundred and eighty for two bunks on the Venus leaves ninety-two. Damn the incidentals—"

"But we can both drop right back into our jobs, Dan dear. And the first Saturday afternoon—"

"Saturday night! I refuse to marry you in anything but that turquoise blue—"

"And I can do so much better on my job now that I know Europe—and really want to make good. I'm sure that before long I can carry things and you can just paint!"

"Now you're making a noise like Mrs. Pemberthy. I've had my dose of that. Fifty-fifty marriage is my irreducible minimum. I don't know whether I'm going to be a great painter, but I'm going to be at least an average male man. Say, how did you happen to wear that turquoise-blue dress tonight?"

"Happen, silly? Things don't just happen! Because you were coming to dinner, of course!"

The *agent de police*, casting one official glance backward as he rounded the corner, noted that this American couple had withdrawn again to the heavy shadow beside the staircase of La Trinité.

THE END

The Questions

1. Who was the mother of Solomon?
2. Is the whale a fish?
3. What is the literal meaning of malaria?
4. What are the five Great Lakes?
5. Who was Iris?
6. What is a catwalk?
7. When was Pompeii destroyed?
8. Of what word is spats an abbreviation?
9. In what common drink is tannic acid found?
10. What is an apiary?

The Answers

1. Bath-sheba.
2. No. It is a mammal.
3. Bad air. (Italian *mala aria.*)
4. Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, Ontario.
5. Goddess of the Rainbow in Greek mythology.
6. Footway along keel of a rigid airship.
7. A.D. 79.
8. Spatterdashes.
9. Tea.
10. A place where bees are kept.

How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Here is an interesting and entertaining information test. Answer the questions first, then consult the answers below to see what your score is. These questions are typical of many thousands which are answered in the most useful of all quick-reference works—

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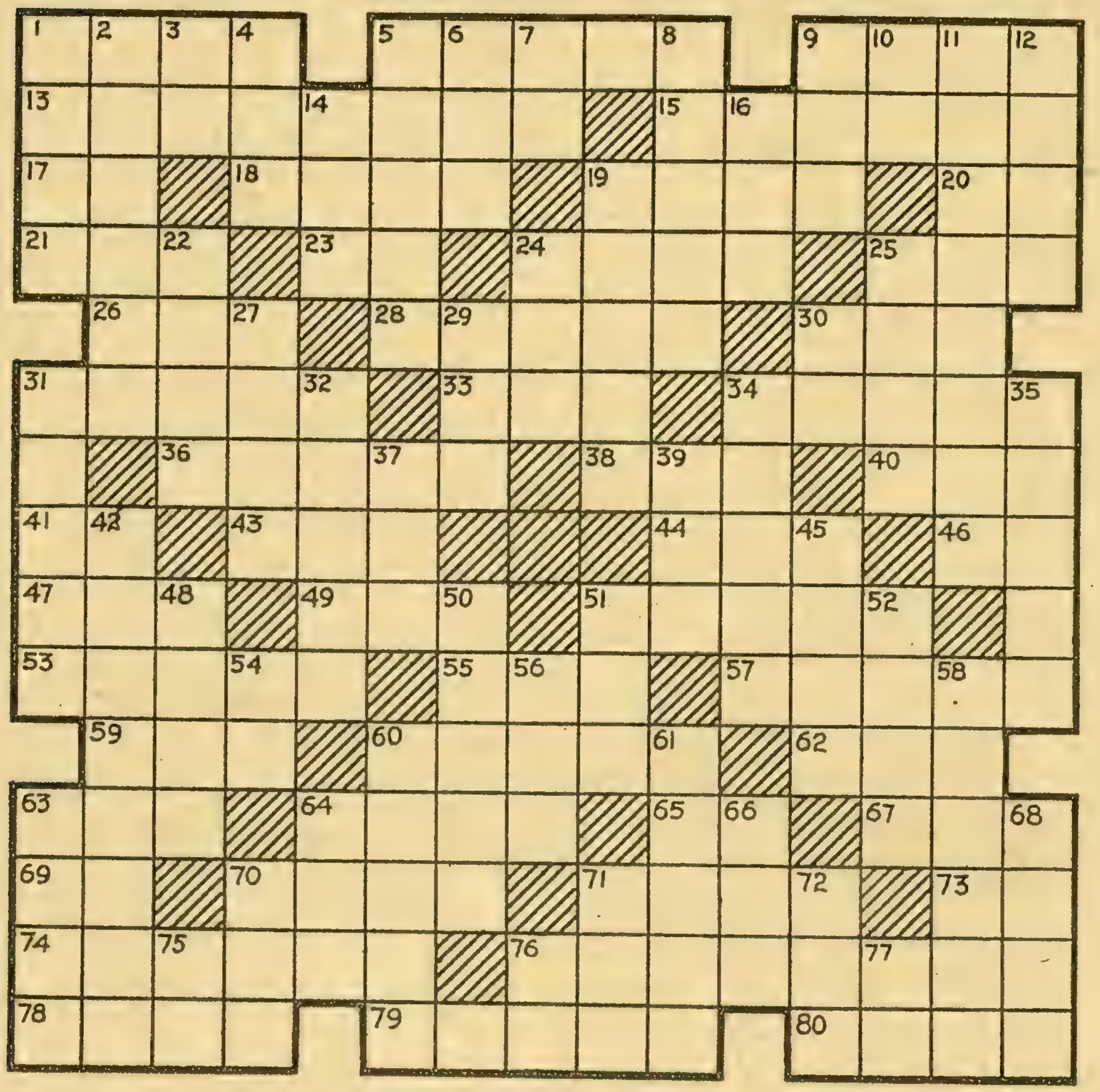
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Exclamation
5 Danger
9 Axillary (bot.)
13 Whilom
15 Gleaming
17 Printer's measure
18 Spasmodic twitchings
19 Wear by friction
20 Whirlwind off Faroe Islands
21 Combining form: air
23 Negative
24 Chinese weight
25 A covered basket
26 A varying measure of yarn
28 Belonging to Thor
30 Biblical name
31 Former English coins
33 Curve
34 The first fruit of a benefice
36 Ground grains
38 A tree
40 Terra del Fuego Indian
41 Month of the Jewish year
43 Inclosure
44 Eternity
46 Symbol for an element
47 A simpleton
49 Assent
51 Pertaining to hair
53 Bovine animal
55 Pastry
57 Obliterate
59 Burden
60 Forest in As You Like It
62 Outfit
63 An adult male employee (pl.)

S	P	A	R		S	P	A	D	E		M	E	L	L
P	A	N	E		T	R	I	E	S		A	R	I	A
A	T	T	S		E	A	S	E	S		S	N	A	P
T	H	E	O	R	E	M	■	M	A	S	T	E	R	S
			R	A	P	■	L	E	Y	T	E			
P	A	S	T	Y	■	C	O	D	■	O	R	A	T	E
I	R	I	S	■	H	A	G	■	P	A	Y	E	E	S
L	E	G	■	E	A	R	■	P	U	T	■	G	A	S
A	N	N	A	L	S	■	P	I	G	■	R	I	S	E
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O	V	E	N		O	I	L	E	R		T	E	A	R
L	I	E	D		U	N	I	T	E		E	R	I	S
A	D	D	S		T	O	T	E	M		S	I	N	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

64 Periods
65 Babylonian deity
67 Less than normal
69 One indefinitely
70 Unyielding courage
71 Nuts collectively
73 Egyptian deity
74 Arboreal mammals allied to monkeys
76 It seems to me (poet.)
78 A state of bliss
79 The world of land and sea
80 Word of contempt

VERTICAL

1 Toward the sea
2 Sequestered
3 Part of to be
4 A small tuber
5 A small loop in a border
6 Square of letter m (plural)
7 Note of the scale
8 Gods of particular localities (Rom. rel.)
9 Height (abbr.)
10 An exclamation of surprise (dial.)
11 People of a north Atlantic group
12 Fetid air
14 A cylinder for drying cloth after dyeing
16 God of the earth (Bab. myth.)
19 Stuffing for fowls
22 To bevel out
24 High, pointed hill
25 River in Italy
27 Beverage (plural)
29 Possesses
30 Preposition
31 To appear in writing or print
32 Species of butterfly
34 Soap substitute
35 To beat (Scot.)
37 A lixivium
39 Roumanian coins
42 Fastened down, as a ship's hatches
45 A stool pigeon (cant)
48 To alienate the affections of
50 A herring
51 The calipee
52 A bird
54 Away from (prefix)
56 Small fishes
58 Wading birds
60 Get up
61 Below (poetic)
63 Masculine
64 Blunder
66 A tree
68 Lave
70 A weapon
71 Came together
72 Gratuity
75 Pronoun
76 Mister (abbr.)
77 Symbol for an element

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Compound Interest

A Short Short Story

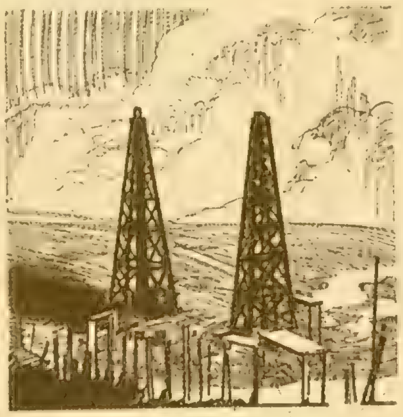
By CHARLES J. McGUIRK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

I DON'T blame you, miss, for thinking Mr. Blakeman won't see me. I'm not the type, I know, that walks right into the office of the president of the great Amalgamated Oil Company. Too—sort of—well, rugged and Western. But just tell him Dan Hadley's here.

No, miss. I'm sorry I can't tell you the nature of my business with Mr. Blakeman. It's pretty personal. That's right, miss. Dan Hadley—of Osage, Oklahoma.

Thank you kindly, miss. Why, you don't have to apologize at all for that few minutes' wait. Because I've been waiting twenty years for this meeting. Through this door? Say, you've been real kind! . . .



Hello—Ed.

You can put away that six gun. I ain't heeled. But I'm glad to see you sticking to the tried and true. Those newfangled automatics jam.

Thanks. These are mighty soft and comfortable chairs. . .Never saw anything like these New York offices. More like palaces. No. I won't have a cigar—or anything else of yours. But I'll roll a cigarette if you don't mind. You look like you belonged right here, Ed. Proud and rich. And handsome as ever. Still have your picking and choosing among the ladies, same as ever? That gray hair is mighty becoming. But you've gone and put on a lot of weight, haven't you? Too much rich food and not enough exercise! Want to be careful, Ed. That combination's bad for the heart at your age. Let's see. You're forty-eight, goin' on forty-nine. Just two years younger'n me.

The boys back home'd be mighty proud of you—if they knew that Edwin Blakeman, the rich and powerful oil king, was our own Ed Blake, the oil driller and prospector—and my best friend. But nobody knows it but me and Bill Jennings.

You remember Big Bill Jennings, Ed. Well, he's sheriff now, and I told him confidential just 'fore I left Osage, on the promise that he wouldn't say anything unless I didn't happen to come back. I left a statement with him. It's got the names of a lot of witnesses that you and I both know. And what they call a photostatic copy of this note of yours I brought with me. That's just in case. I'm betting he never has to use it. What do you think, Ed?

Shucks! I have to laugh every time I think how you fooled everybody just by adding a couple of letters to your last name. Here I was, looking for you for more than twenty years with murder in my heart. And here you were, staring up at me, for the last ten years anyhow, from the newspapers.

"Edwin Blakeman, Head of Amalgamated, Sinks Millions in New Oil Development." "Mrs. Edwin Blakeman, Wife of Oil King, Entertains at Palm Beach." "Ruth Blakeman, Daughter of Oil King, Makes Her Bow to Society."

She's a right pretty young lady, Ed, though I'm partial to blondes. My Mary's a blonde. You remember Mary, Ella's daughter. She was just a year old when you and Ella ran off. It was Ruth's pictures in the papers that gave me the hunch that the great Edwin Blakeman might be Ed Blake, my old *compadre*. She's the dead spit and image of you, Ed, allowing for she's a woman and you're a man. Well, sir, I went to work and looked up this Edwin Blakeman. Learned nobody knew anything about his early life. All of a sudden he popped up as a big and daring oil operator. Then the newspapers noticed every now and then that Edwin Blakeman sure did hate to have his picture took. Say, man, I hunted high and low for a picture of him. And when I found it, sure enough, Edwin Blakeman was you!

Ed, you're one smart *hombre*. You always was. You proved that when you stole Ella, my wife and the mother of my baby, right from under my eyes. And you made it even smarter by doing it with that nine thousand dollars, my last cent, you borrowed from me with that story of needing it to drill a new oil well— Oh, you needn't reach for your gun, Ed. I ain't harboring any hate. What is it the Mexicans say? "Go with God." That's it. I've turned you over to God. I allow He'll take care of you.

Though there was a time I'd have shot you like a dog. When I caught up with Ella. I was right behind you in Chicago, and I found her in that cheap room where you'd left her to die. She died in my arms, Ed. With your name on her lips—

Ed, I wouldn't bother you about this note, only my little girl Mary's going to get married and she needs this money. I never made any myself after—

Now, here's your own original note. See? It's dated July twenty-ninth, 1912, and it's for nine thousand dollars, and it's payable in a year at six-per-cent interest. You remember, Ed, that interest was your idea. I'd 'a' never thought of it. Now, here's my bill. It's for twenty-four thousand dollars. That's the original nine thousand and twenty years' compound interest at six per cent, the legal rate in Oklahoma.

Say, Ed, this compound interest is a great idea. And whoever applied it to money knew about life and nature, because that's the way God makes us pay our bills.

When we live right, we're putting out a decent life at compound interest. That life keeps a-piling up real spiritual treasure—a good conscience, happiness, and the respect of our fellow men—even though, maybe, we never have a dime.

BUT when we break a law of God or nature, right that minute the compound interest begins to pile up. And it piles and piles—a bad conscience, distrust, and the contempt of our fellow men. And you never can beat your bill. You got to pay it. 'Member where it says in the Bible, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap"?

That's the reason I don't hold any hatred for you any more, Ed. That bill of mine's in God's hands and He'll collect it—down to the last tinge of remorse. Wouldn't surprise me if He'd been collecting on it already. You always sleep good, Ed? How'll I have the money? Why, I thought you could write out a check and send the young lady to cash it in big bills. Easier to carry. And I'd like to get right back home.

. . . twenty-two—twenty-three—twenty-four thousand. That's exactly right. And thank you kindly, miss, for getting it for me. And for waiting while I counted it.

And thank you, Ed. I— Why, what's the matter? Ed! Go get some water, please, miss, while I loosen his collar. He's blue in the face. Here, Ed— Ugh! You're heavy. There you are. Just like Ella was. In my arms. No, Ed. This ain't Ella. It's Dan. Ella ain't here. She's gone.

Never mind the water, miss. I'm afraid it's too late. Mr. Blakeman's dead. What? A stroke? Why, I don't know, miss. Looks to me more like compound interest.

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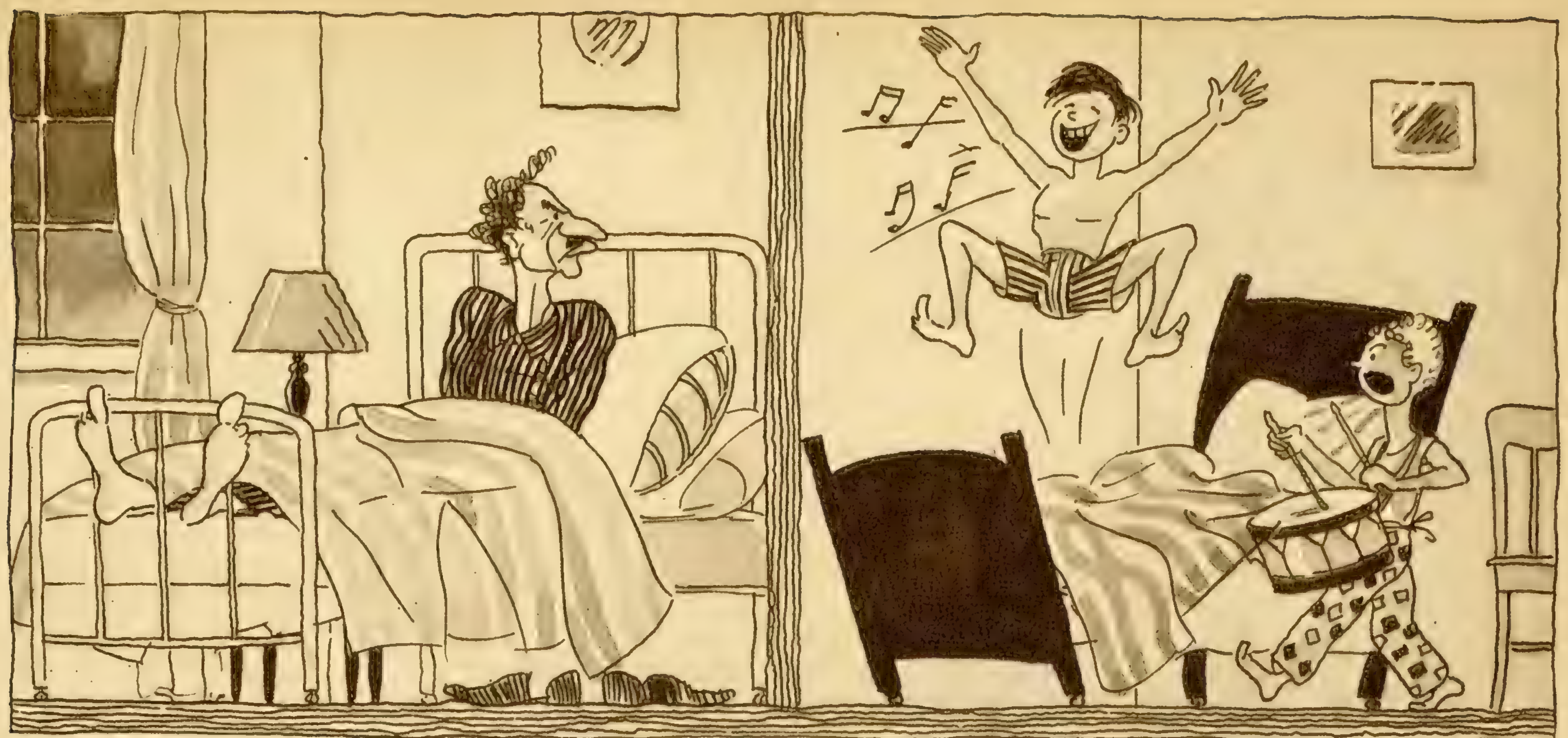
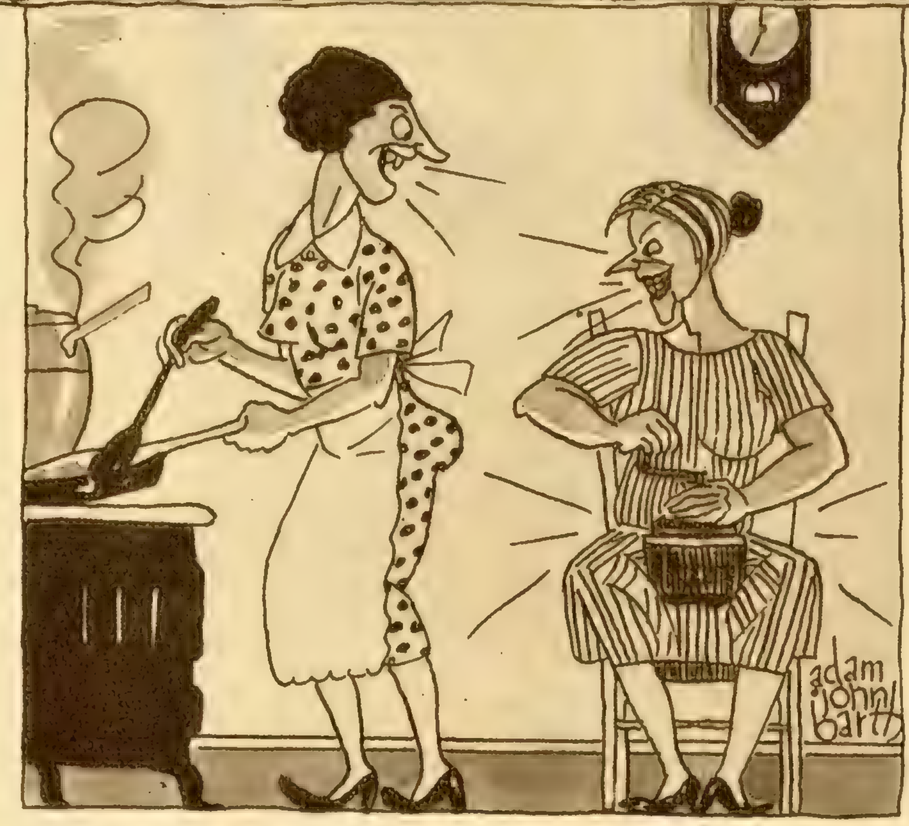




When I am a guest, my room is always next to the children's and exactly over the kitchen.

A Few Moans from One Who Has Suffered, Even as You and I

By

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Pictures by
ADAM JOHN BARTH

GUESTS

(Reading time: 7 minutes 45 seconds.)

If the guests within the range of my skinny hand and glittering eye will sit on a stone, they cannot choose but hear this bright-eyed man, the Ancient Host. For the fearful guest—*this* is an allusion to Longfellow's The Skeleton in Armor, which begins, "Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!" and I think "fearful" is redundant—has my grindstoned nose running ragged.

I have a distaste for guests. And, mind you, I am a hospitable fellow, a host in myself, a greeter, an inviter. My Liberty Halls have dozens of open doors, each equipped with exposed latchstrings. I have a house in the city, and one in the country. I am an idealist, looking for the Perfect Guest, a guest who shall match his perfection as a guest with mine as a host. And, as in my many other idealisms, I don't give up. Probably I shall have two tombs, from each of which shall issue a doleful sound asking every guest that I ever had to drop in any time, don't bother to ring up, I'm always there.

Take my town house, for example; which the mortgage department of a certain savings bank may do any day now, but for taxes rather than for example. Well, in town there are two ways of inviting guests: the specific and the general, or vague. The general way is to say come in some night; we have dinner about seven; there's always enough. This method may be disregarded, for in the city people just never fall for an invitation like that. They don't believe it. Yet the people that get those blanket invitations are the very ones that I'd like to see. I never say it to anybody unless I mean it.

The specific way is to ask Fred and Lucy to come to dinner the evening of Saturday, October 8, at seven forty-five.

And right now I wish that you would write to your congressman, such as he is, protesting against having dinner a minute after half past six. Because I was raised different. We had supper at half past six; it was dinner only when we had soup. And at half past six I still get hungry.

And this is my chance: this dinner-at-eight thing is what is the Matter with this Country. Why do people have dinner so late? “Because if we don’t,” they say, “it makes the evening so long.” Gentlemen, it is not having early dinner that makes the evening long; it is resourceless individuals. In the good old days, even a guest dinner was over, big cups of coffee and all—and the coffee was served at the table, too, and not dragged all over the house to be drunk as a special course in the parlor, or as they call it in these days of affectation the Living Room—at five minutes past seven. In the old days, along about nine fifty, guests said, “Well, we’d better not keep you good people up till all hours,” and after a little perfunctory remonstrance by the good people the guests managed to get out about ten fifteen.

R.R. TICKET OFFICE

He is waiting there with the deep injury of a man who says he meant the train that arrived at four instead of the train that left at four.

Maybe some of them did say, “My, only a little after ten! I thought it must be at least midnight.” But in the old days there was conversation. Maybe it was gossip, maybe it was trivial talk. But it wasn’t bridge or poker or backgammon; and it wasn’t boasting about gains (1928-1929) or losses (1930-1931-1932 . . .) in the stock market.

But I digress. Applause. If there are more than two guests, if it’s a dinner party for seven forty-five, two of them come at seven forty-five, boasting of their promptness; two come at eight; and the rest straggle in between eight ten and eight twenty, unless one of them is Herbert Bayard Swope, who will be there either at seven forty or nine fifty-five. By this time—eight twenty—in these days, four of us are six or seven sarsaparillas ahead of the rest, and the tardy guests seem duller than ever. The latest guest assails you because you live where you do. It takes simply ages; they went to 10 West Twenty-sixth Street instead of 26 West Tenth Street, and they had to look it up, and my dear, wasn’t that stupid? “Inexcusable,” you say, being a perfect host. And before you know it, it is past midnight, and no relief in sight. And if there is one pianist among your guests, he plays, much too loud, incessantly. Midnight? When a pianist—especially a composer-pianist—plays at a dinner party, before you know it, it’s November.

BUT city guests are less depleting than country guests. It takes, as Eddie Guest himself might have said, a heap o’ privacy to make a house a home. And privacy and guests are strangers.

The specifically invited guest telephones that he will be out on the four-o’clock train; you go to the station, eight miles from the house. Sometimes he is waiting there, with the deep injury of a man—or woman—who says that he meant the train that arrived about four instead of the train that left town at exactly four. Oftener he keeps you waiting, because you mean the train that arrives at four, and he means the one that leaves at four—not counting the hour that you lose by the daylight-saving mix-up, a thing that a child could fathom but which will continue to be black art to every guest that takes a train.

Guests, especially if they arrive in their own motor cars, wonder why you don’t do something about the road. I live on what is called the Indian Spring Road; four years ago Montague Glass himself christened it the Broken Spring. They wonder, guests do, why you don’t live nearer the station; and isn’t it lonely? Not enough, you answer softly.

Another thing that I hate about guests in the country is that they sleep in the guest room. When I am a guest, my host’s guest room is always situated next to the children’s bedroom and exactly over the kitchen. At six you can hear the children singing Frère Jacques and the cook grinding coffee and boiling it, so that it will be nice and hot and stale by the time you want your breakfast, “any time,” as your host told you, “between eight and twelve.” But I resolved to have our guest room the quietest in the house; and so it is. It is so quiet that during delightfully guestless intervals I sleep there myself. So not only is a guest a nuisance in himself, but he also throws me out of a quiet room into my own noisy uncomfortable one.

Guests have the heaviest suitcases made; and the roomiest. They come for a day or—Heaven forbid!—a week, and bring enough apparel and equipment for a year, with the possible exception of books which they borrow to read on the train and never, never return. Now, in the country I go about tieless and in an old sweater. The man guest comes late to dinner because he “has to change”; the woman guest wears a dinner gown, which causes my wife to hurry me away from the table so that I may put on a tie and my new—well, anyway, newly cleaned—white doeskin trousers that I was saving to play tennis in.

COUNTRY guests always want to stay up late. And they keep me up, too, because I can’t sleep until I am sure that they have turned out all the lights and that they haven’t chucked a lighted match into the wastebasket.

Well, they go to bed. “Any time you want breakfast, ring,” you say; and mean it. But eight, nine, ten o’clock pass; no guest-room bell. You approach the room on tiptoe; the door is open; the guest is roaming about outdoors, probably snooping. He will probably tell you that the lawn is better kept at Otto Kahn’s, and that Mrs. H. P. Davidson has four tennis courts, two of them turf. The jolly old guest has been up since seven o’clock. Has he had breakfast? No; nobody was up, he says like an accursed martyr. Well, you contrive breakfast for him. All he wants is coffee and an egg. Apparently the egg isn’t the kind he likes; he leaves it, and takes only a sip of coffee, which by the time the fool wants it is probably no good.

He’s going to play golf this morning. You drive him to the club, and tell him that luncheon is at one thirty. “Don’t wait,” he says. “Go right ahead without me.” But at one forty-five he telephones; so you go over and call for him, drive him home, wait until he has bathed and dressed. You begin your one-thirty luncheon at two thirty-five. And that’s what guests do. They disrupt the schedule. They want to play golf if you’re a tennis player; they want to play tennis if you want to rest or read. And you either have to play their games or find somebody else who will.

And in spite of the fact that the guest has complained, or acted as though he wanted to complain, all during his visit, he prolongs it an hour, a day, or even a week. He says that you’re the kind of host he likes—the kind that lets him do as he likes. And that’s what he tells others. “Can’t I come out Tuesday for a couple of days?” telephones one. “I won’t be here,” I tell him. “I’m going away tomorrow for a month.” “All the better,” he says.

I thought that I was immune. Not a guest thus far this summer; a new low—or high, if you use my figures—for all time. And just as I had said in my security, lo! no guests shall find me, along came—he is still here as I write this—the well known barytone, Mr. Reinald Werrenrath. “Hey!” was his greeting as he invaded the privacy of my study, ironically called the I’m Alone, “we were two hours finding this out-of-the-way place!”

Well, I was mighty glad to see him. Otherwise I’d have kept on and on, and there’d have been no end to this piece.

THE END

BEYOND CONTROL

Casey's Desperate Plan—The Tongue-Lashing of a Lifetime—Taken in Hand—Cadence Makes Her Great Decision

By

REX BEACH

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 19 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

"I LOVE you," said Georges Larue. "I'm sick of America! Let me take you to France—"

Cadence shook her head. "No, Georges. I'm an American. I'm—pretty tired. I think I'll go to my room now."

After she had gone Larue said in a strained voice, "That's the crack-up for me, Jules. Casey wins."

"No, no! He's impossible."

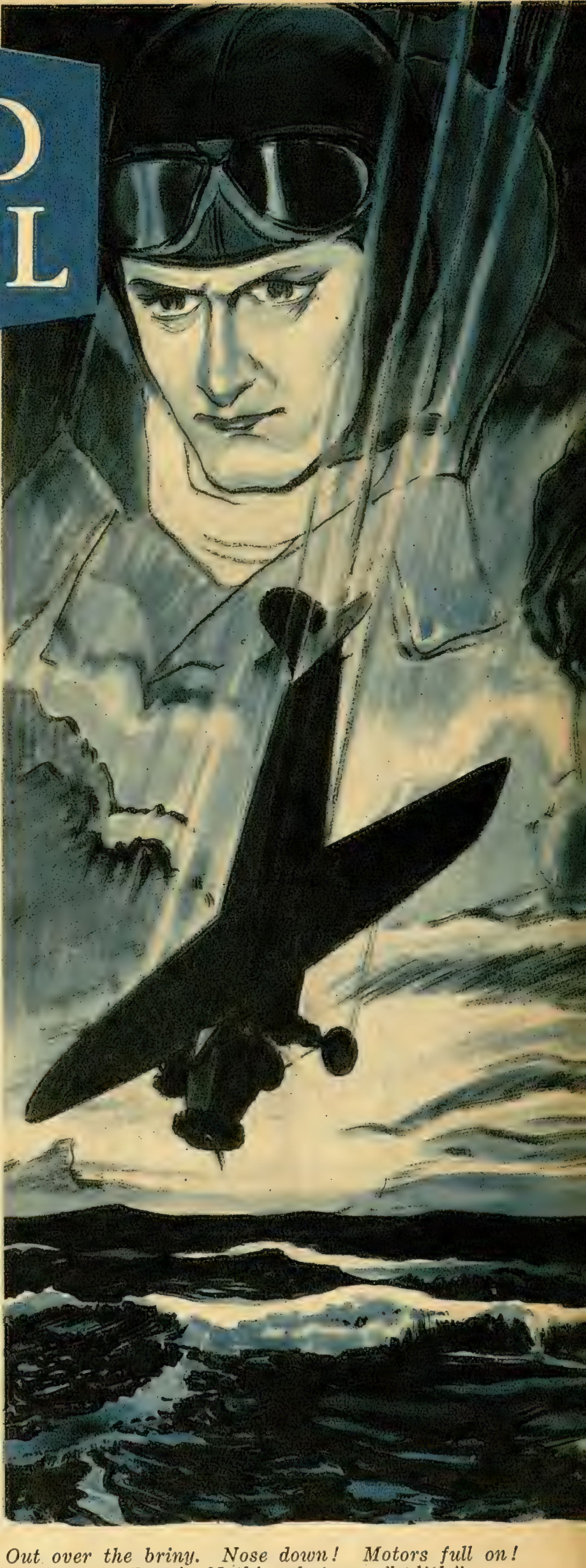
But Georges spoke with finality, "I know when I'm beaten. Tomorrow we'll burn that lace."

. . . . . .

Casey Haddon drank the last of his brandy and dropped the bottle into the waste-paper basket. It had been perhaps a third full when he came from Larue's room, fifteen minutes earlier, but he had emptied it in an effort to meet with something like fortitude the new situation which had arisen. Cadence's confession had come as a stunning surprise; he had made the excuse of seeing Lucas in order to get away where he could think it over calmly and weigh its consequences. While he was incapable of reasoning very clearly, he could still think—as a matter of fact his brain was more than usually active—and those consequences filled him with dismay, rendered him utterly hopeless.

In the first place, he had made an ass of himself, he had ruined himself irretrievably with Cadence; in the second place, he was in for another drunk; there was no escape from it. Never had he been so parched, never had that persistent body-and-soul thirst which plagues every drinking man been so ungovernable as at this moment. It was more than a thirst: it was an avid, lustful craving which gathered vigor like imprisoned steam and was bound sooner or later to burst all restraint. Casey knew exactly what his present condition pointed to—*viz.*, a longer, wilder spree than ever, so he began to lay plans to escape, to drop out of sight as quickly as possible.

He thanked heaven that there was a ready means at hand which would serve the double purpose of eliminating him and ridding Larue and the others of their embar-


"Out over the briny. Nose down! Motors full on! Zoom! Bam! Nothing but an oil slick."

rassment. Georges was in a bad fix. Now that his rascality had been discovered, he could not fly his contraband across the border—at least not without the practical certainty of seizure—neither could he return it to Newfoundland or to St. Pierre. He could not possibly land a ship the size of the Winnipeg on the latter island without cracking up.

About all that remained for him to do was to destroy the lace before its whereabouts became known to the local authorities. That, Casey fancied, would not be long. But to get rid of that cargo without leaving a trace was no simple task under the circumstances. How much easier all around if somebody took the Fokker away, cargo and all, and flew it out to sea. The moon would soon be up, affording sufficient light for a take-off, and happily the ship was on the beach at Glace Bay instead of the Sydney airdrome, which eliminated the possibility of interference. Tony Devereaux would have to be reckoned with, of course, but there were several ways of doing that. Haddon nodded to himself, he muttered. It was a good scheme; much better than—well, better than burning the ship, and that was about what Georges would have to do.

Ordinarily a third of a bottle of liquor served to keep the pilot pleasantly stimulated for several hours, it being his practice to exercise a nice economy in his drinking and prolong it so as to derive the utmost effect therefrom. That first drink yesterday, however, had been like so much gasoline spilled upon coals, and for hours now hot flames had been roaring through him. Only with difficulty had he controlled them; with grateful relief he let himself go completely. Anæsthetizing fumes began to rise to his brain in agreeable waves and intoxication gave way to actual drunkenness. At one moment his brain was clear, at the next it was clouded, and queer, distorted fancies moved through it.

HE looked at his watch and decided it was time to shove off. As he stepped into the hall he saw Cadence fumbling at the lock of her door. She was deeply agitated, for her shoulders heaved and he heard her smother a sob. Lurching to her side, he took the key out of her fingers, fitted it, and said thickly:

"Mustn't cry, Charley—'ll make your nose red."

"Go *away* from me!" she exclaimed fiercely, and raising her hands she pushed at him. "I never want to see you—"

"Now, now!" he chided. "Ladies mustn't throw fits in the halls. We've got regular fitting rooms for ladies."

"Don't joke with me, you—you—"

"Naughty words! Papa will have to wash Charley's mouth with soap." In a fury the girl stamped her feet, but Casey placed his arm around her and swept her into the room. "Wha's matter, Charley boy?"

His action as well as his solicitous tone rendered her all but speechless. She dashed the tears out of her eyes, she gasped, she gathered herself for an outburst. "Easy on the stick or you'll stall," he cautioned her. "Get some air under you before you stunt. Now then, I'm bailing out, and I've got something to—"

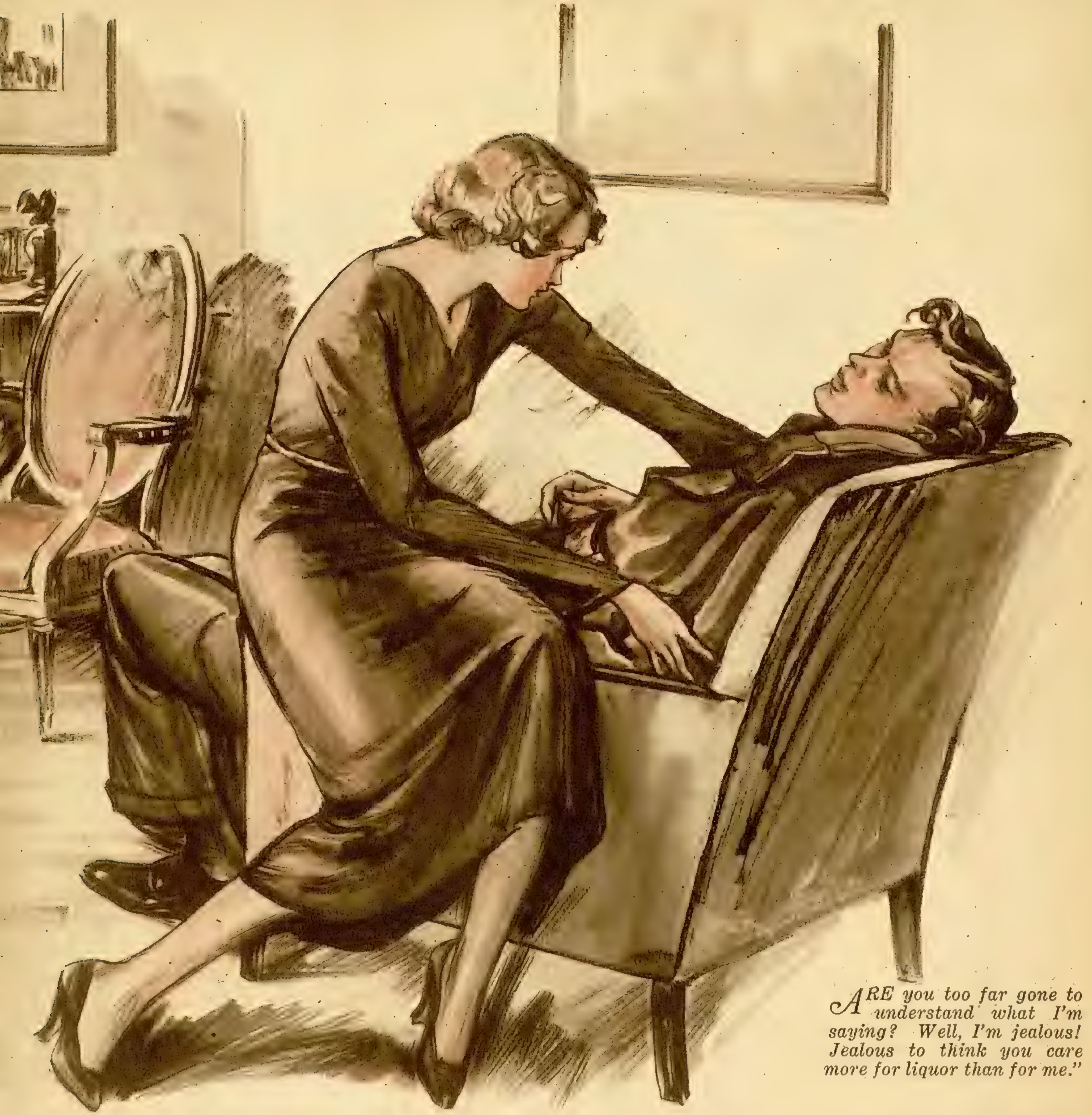
"I refuse to talk to you. I'm furious! You—you're disgusting, you're *loathsome!* I'm mad at Georges, too—or I want to be but I—can't." She broke down without warning and began to weep wretchedly, whereupon he shook his head and uttered grave, sympathetic clucks. "It's too—too simply maddening; I could scream. Imagine it! I came all the way up here, made myself conspicuous, went through the very d-dickens to learn the truth, and now that I know—" Again she was shaken. "He isn't bad at all! I could *kill* him!"

"Mighty few villains in real life. The worst of 'em love animals or write home on Mother's Day. Georges is all right. Nice fellow."

"He's a darling! He's just a bad, spoiled boy and he ought to be spanked. He's awfully twisted, of course, and his facts are as false as his reasoning. That's because he's sore—a bad, mad little boy who's breaking things to vent his spite—but he's sincere; he's honest about it, and I don't see that he has hurt anybody much—except Pretty Pet and me. He's terribly ashamed of that. He really loves those lace makers and—and at least he doesn't get drunk and make a beast of himself. He's more of a man than you are."

CLAYTON KNIGHT

Haddon nodded his complete agreement to the comparison and opened his lips to speak, but Cadence rushed on at top speed, trying to relieve in some measure her pent-up feelings of frustration and resentment. "You didn't hear what got him so perfectly poisonous about things, so you don't understand. The trouble is they're true, in a way. Of course it's futile, it's wicked, to go hay-wire over things that can't be helped, nevertheless he has all but ruined himself playing Robin Hood. Sins, I suppose, are serious only as they affect other people, and who cares a hoot about the government and that silly duty on lace? Why, it has nearly put gran and me in the poorhouse. It's unjust; it's iniquitous. But it slays me to think I've been boiling, actually *boiling* for months and



"ARE you too far gone to understand what I'm saying? Well, I'm jealous! Jealous to think you care more for liquor than for me."

months, and hating Georges like a snake, and he—well, he takes it all away from me with his talk about starving people. What am I going to do? I can't make trouble for a scoundrel I like as much as I like him!" The speaker had spilled these words end over end. She dabbed at her eyes now with a ridiculous wad of a handkerchief.

"NO! Cer'nly not. Old Georges got enough trouble without that. Customs in Canada, too, y'know! He's breaking the law an'—wha's he going to do with that lace now he's got it this far?"

Until this moment Cadence had been too tearful, too preoccupied with her own emotions to notice the change which had come over Casey since she last saw him, but she observed it now, and her eyes widened, she grew white with dismay. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed in disgust. "You—you're worse than you were in yonder. You've been drinking again! I hate the sight of you!"

"Sure! I snitched a little one, an' a snitch in time saves nine. I'm going as soon as I apologize for what I said an' did yesterday. That was unpardonable, Charley. No possible excuse for it, an' I'm heartily ashamed of myself." When she moved away in shuddering repugnance, he went on, with an obvious effort to bring his tongue under better control. "You see, I thought you'd tell Georges about—us, right away, and when you didn't I couldn't understand. It hurt me; I went blind. Afterward I got lit. Had to. Whenever I get hurt I get tight. I'm low and common, Charley Johnson; lower than a worm's instep, and you're well shed of me."

He swayed slightly and laid a supporting hand upon the nearest chair.

Into the girl's face had crept an expression which he could not read; it was not loathing; it was more like apprehension, fear. His smile was strained as he resumed speaking. "Everything is over between us, of course.

I know that. For a minute in yonder I thought it was oke, and I had a chance, but—only for a minute. It was nice while it lasted, wasn't it? I mean those days together. I'll never forget 'em. Remember that time when the rain was falling and your feet hurt and I—made 'em well? That wasn't make-believe. It was real. Kind of like a furlough in heaven. . . . Well, *adios*, Charley! Happy landing."

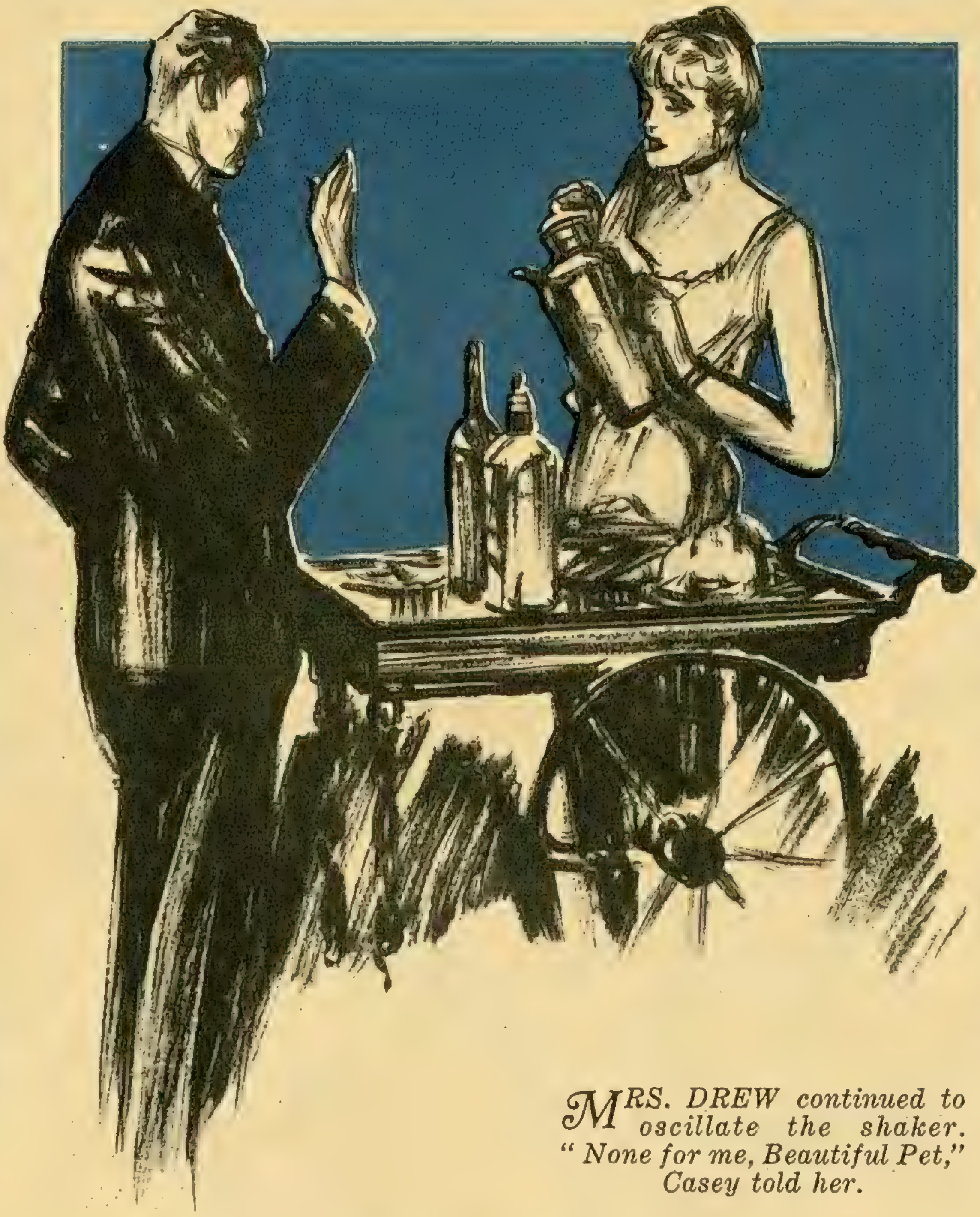
"Where are you going at this hour?"

"Just pulling the rip cord. I'm stepping out of your life the way I stepped into it."

"Speaking of stunts, that was an idiotic thing you did this afternoon," she broke out irritably and in a new direction. "Chasing us from St. John's and risking your neck! Oh, you're—*impossible!*"

"Right. Everything's impossible. When you rounded on Georges a while ago something turned over in me and woke up. I heard bands playing and people cheering. I began to caper. I swore off drinking right then and there, but in a minute something swore me in again. No use, Charley, I can't reform. When I start on a spree I have to finish it. And will — I — finish — *this* one! I just stopped in to apologize and shake by-by." Another ocean wave of intoxication rolled over him and he struggled to swim above it. Cadence was saying something, but mental vertigo seized him, his thoughts suddenly careened off at a tangent, and he inquired with a mirthless chuckle:

"Know why I set the Winnipeg down on the beach? I'll tell you—"



MRS. DREW *continued to oscillate the shaker. "None for me, Beautiful Pet," Casey told her.*

HE hesitated and fell into a frowning silence until she inquired sharply: "Why?"

"Just a mo' . . . There was a reason. Good reason, too. I was thinking about it just now and—I've got it! *Ennis!* That lace! Hell to pay in the morning! I wouldn't tell anybody but you." His voice lowered to a confidential tone and he grinned. "But there ain't going to be no lace in the morning. No ship. No Casey. Nothing. Can't let 'em pinch Charley Johnson. He's my buddy." Vaguely he heard some inner voice asking why he told her this; why he betrayed his secret.

"*Oh-h!*" It was a strangled cry of anger and impatience. "You're maudlin. I could murder you. Go back to your room and go to bed."

"Nay, nay, nay!" He winked slyly and clumsily wagged a forefinger at her. "Not maudlin; meddlin'! Comes the dawn and the coppers. 'Wha'd ya do with that lace?' says they. 'What lace?' says Georges. 'Where's Casey Haddon?' says they. 'Funny thing,' says he. 'The old maestro stole my nice big ship. I wish you'd arrest him and gimme his hide. I want it mounted for a rug.' That's what he says; but they can't arrest the old maestro because the old maestro's gone."

"Gone where?"

"Out over the briny. Nose down! Motors full on! Zoom! *Bam!* Nothing but an oil slick an' a lotta fish in lace nighties."

"Sit down," said the girl.

"Sorry. Moon'll be up pretty soon an' I've got to lay in a quart of hooch an' get out to Glace Bay. Got a s'prise for Tony—"

Cadence shoved him violently and he collapsed into a chair. "'Sall right," he said apologetically. "I'm not too drunk to fly. I fly from the seat of my pants."

"YOU move a finger and I'll hit you with something!" the girl cried hoarsely.

"Now don't get sore at Casey," he babbled. "No more harm in him than a sheep; just full of fun an' frolic. Great clown; always cuttin' up. Let's sing a song, Charley. 'Little brown jug, how I love thee!'" His brain cleared as the fumes receded, and he relapsed into silence, striving to pull himself together. Meanwhile his companion took a nervous turn about the room.

She paused in front of him at last and said in a voice peculiarly tense:

"I've had enough of your foolishness. Casey Haddon, you're a great flyer; the greatest in the world. You can't go on like this. I won't let you."

"No use, Charley. I've tried to swear off, but I'm—just no good. It's too big for me. Something moves in and takes charge. I'm tired; the war's finished. I'm jealous, too. Jealous of Georges, the finest fellow in the—finest fellow in Montana, Idaho, Key West, and the world. Remember that game, Charley? Take it and grin. That's me. Three motors! Full gun! A cloud of spray! It's like hitting concrete from five thousand feet."

"Are you too far gone to understand what I'm saying? Well, *I'm* jealous! Jealous to think you care more for liquor than you do for me."

"That's not fair. That's—dirty. You're the only woman I ever loved, the only one I ever kissed like—like that, but—" He took his head in his hands and finished miserably, "I've been sold down the river, Charley. I'm wearing a ball and chain."

"Nevertheless you're going to sober up right now," Cadence told him firmly.

"Can't be done; besides, the moon'll be up in an hour." As he started to rise she thrust him back a second time and snapped viciously:

"Stop your noise! I'm going to be married in the morning, and you've got to be there."

He was hopelessly muddled, but he winced at this arrow and a spasm twisted his face; he mumbled something which she disregarded, running on in a pitch that indicated her rising agitation. "You simply must be sober or they won't marry us. Us! You! I—I'm going to marry *you,* idiot! Don't you understand? *You!* I'm your ball and chain." Either he was incapable of comprehension or he refused to take her seriously, so she seized him by the shoulders and shook him frantically. "I am! I *will!* I love you, damn it! I—I never was so mad at anybody in my life."

"You don't mean it, Charley. You —mean—a couple of other fellows," he managed to say, but his lame attempt at lightness only whipped her into a keener frenzy at him, at herself, and at this Thing which had wrecked him and which threatened to thwart her desires. She stamped, she shook him more fiercely but succeeded only in rocking herself; stormily she repeated:

"I love you, love you, love you! There! It's out! And I swore I'd never admit it. But I'm not going to marry a worthless sot. I won't have a drunkard for a husband. I *won't!* My mother married a drinking man and she made something out of him; she made him a hero, at least. You're one to begin with, and I'll make a man of you if it kills me."

Such an outburst would have sobered any man, momentarily at least, and Haddon interrupted it to say haltingly, "Some day, perhaps. Not now, Charley! I'm broke. I've lost my job—"

"BOTHER the job! What's money? Do you think I was fooling out there? Do you think I'm going to be miserable the rest of my life? Not much. But I don't propose to throw myself away on a failure. You've had your last drop of booze, so make up your mind to it. You're a great big baby and you make me want to cry. Somebody has to mother you, but—darling, if you ever look at another whisky bottle I'll smash it over your head. I'll cure you or—I'll brain you."

She was wholly out of breath now and her breast was heaving tumultuously, her eyes blazed with that fire which Casey knew of old, that combative light of mingled anger and resentment which she had turned upon him at their first meeting. A sob caught in her throat and it seemed to him that she was as furious at her own surrender as at its provoking cause. He peered at her through a haze that came and went, thickened and thinned, asking himself if those were actual spoken words that beat in his ears or if this whole thing was an aberration, some phantasm conjured out of that accursed brandy bottle.

Cadence appeared to be real enough; that was her voice, those were her slim, strong hands that clutched the lapels of his leather coat and her little fists that hammered at him in a savage, hysterical attempt to pound understanding into him.

MORTON'S
IODIZED
SALT
IT POURS
NEVER CAKES OR HARDENS
MORTON SALT COMPANY, ADDRESS
POLE
M

Patrons of the Metropole, a London movie, waiting for admission under huge umbrellas provided by the kind-hearted management.

When it rains it pours

When examined under a magnifying glass, each tiny crystal of Morton's Iodized Salt is found to be a perfect cube. This explains why Morton's *never* cakes or hardens, for cube-shaped crystals do not stick to one another in damp weather like the flake crystals of ordinary salts. Try it and you will discover to your joy that "When it rains, it pours".

Still another reason for using Morton's Iodized Salt is that it positively protects against simple goiter, a disorder which in many localities threatens 2 out of every 3 children between 6 and 18! It costs a family of average size but 10c a month to enjoy this better salt, so why not change to it and put an end to the annoyance of clogged saltcellars?

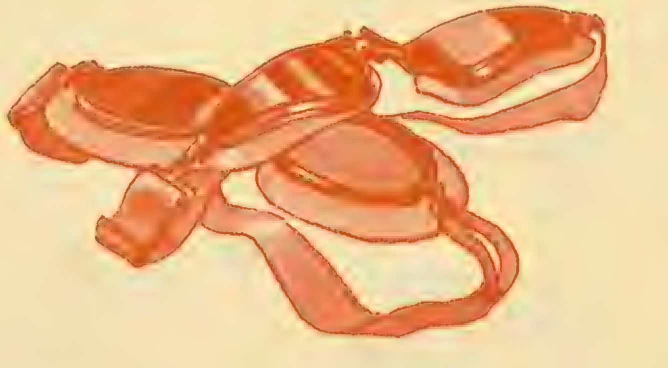
MORTON'S SALT

IODIZED OR PLAIN 10¢

Other hands, larger and stronger than hers, clutched him by the throat and their grip was painful, it hurt him dreadfully.

“Drunk or sober, weak or strong, good or bad, you're mine and I'm going to take you over,” she was saying. “You love me or you'd never have risked your worthless neck today. You'd fly the Winnipeg out to sea, crack up, and spoil everything, would you? Oh, I could strangle you! But you won't crack *me* up; I won't let you. *I've* got the parachute this time, Casey, and it's your turn to hang on. We'll lick this thing together.”

His Charley Johnson! That fog thickened until only the outline of her figure swam before his eyes. The room was revolving now, his ship was off balance and he couldn't level it; that ache in his throat was unbearable, his Adam's apple had swelled to the size of a bass drum. Fog indeed. His cheeks were wet. Those were tears that washed the sight from his eyes. He was crying like a child! Fancy that!



He rose unsteadily and tried to speak but could utter nothing more than an unintelligible croak. What a pity! He simply must make her understand how hopeless, how impossible—

Mistaking his intent, the girl flung herself at the door, locked it and pocketed the key, then faced him, vibrant with defiance. “You'll not stir a step,” she declared passionately. “You'll stay here and fight this thing out with me. We'll whip it once for all if it takes a week, a month, a year. Ten years! And I'll have you sober by morning or I'll know why.”

She snatched at the telephone and jiggled the hook, watching him meanwhile like a cat; sharply she called, “Take an order, please, and hurry it. . . . . *Sit down,* or I'll throw this at you! . . . I want a quart of hot coffee right away. Yes, a *quart,* and make it strong. Then send out and get me some aromatic spirits of ammonia, some triple bromide tablets, some ipecac, and a big bottle of castor oil.”

II

MRS. HOLCOMBE DREW rearranged the flowers and added a touch here and there to her table decorations. The table was set for only three people, nevertheless her oldest silver and her finest crystal were in use. Inasmuch as she loved to play with dolls she had contrived several tableaux befitting the occasion. One showed a toy airplane with broken wings and two miniature flyers suspended from a parachute upheld by wires; others depicted their adventures in the wilds. Amid a jungle of asparagus ferns, for instance, they were pursued by an animal of blown glass which resembled a winged armadillo.

This make-believe Newfoundland of Mrs. Drew's was a famous game country, for it was infested with ferocious creatures of every description—woolly tigers, ivory elephants holding each other's tails, wooden hippopotami with bulging eyes, waddling penguins, gymnastic monkeys, and other beasts of mixed blood, all of which were evidently bent upon devouring the two wanderers. On the very steps of a tiny church a miniature Casey was battling with a boxing kangaroo while Cadence in a wedding veil an inch long knelt with hands upstretched.

Out of a face as blandly expressionless as one of the dolls Mrs. Drew surveyed the table with satisfaction. Married! How romantic, how thrilling! And Cadence was home again, safe and sound, proving beyond doubt that mortal affairs are indeed governed by a correct understanding of Divine Principle. Mrs. Drew took to herself most of the credit for the happy outcome of her granddaughter's escapade and attributed it wholly to her own “thought.” Had she failed to realize with absolute conviction that nothing could happen, there was really no telling what might have occurred. When an abysmal brute like Casey and a defenseless girl of Cadence's beauty are thrown into each other's arms—well, in spite of the very best thinking, it is probably well for them to get married just as quickly as possible.

THERE had been no time as yet to pick the whole truth out of the girl, but Mrs. Drew shivered with anticipation of the revelations to come. Whatever Cadence told her would, of course, be buried, and the grandmother would understand. She herself had always yearned to be cast away on a mid-Pacific atoll with a ruthless savage—some ruffian with a heart of gold—but unfortunately that experience had been denied her.

Having selected the proper wineglasses she wheeled the cocktail wagon into the living room and announced, “Cadence usually does the mixing, but I wouldn't trust her tonight. She'd either leave out the bacardi or pour the orange juice on the rug.”

“None for me, gran,” the bride said with a smile.

Mrs. Drew continued to oscillate the shaker briskly; she ran an approving eye over her grandson-in-law and told herself he wore his dinner clothes awfully well.

“None for me, either, Beautiful Pet,” Casey told her.

“Nonsense! Swear off tomorrow.”

“I've been doing that for years.”

“Good Lord! I hope you haven't *permanently* reformed!” The speaker was genuinely shocked.

“I'm afraid I have.”

“He means he *knows* he has.”

“Am I to live with a couple of killjoys?” Mrs. Drew was aghast. “Must I live up to a *pair* of—of sky pilots? Oh, *Casey!* I thought we'd have *such* good times. I want to sing songs and cut up—”

“And have him lock your door and drop the key out the window,” Cadence laughed. “Well, his capers are over. Father gave him his first drink; I propose to see that he has taken his last. He promised.”

“I wouldn't have married her unless I knew I could keep that promise,” Casey asserted. “I never had any reason to quit; now nothing in the world would induce me to touch another drop. It was an unwise marriage on her part. I've got to make good.”

“Bosh! No girl who's really in love marries unwisely. If you firebrands are really determined to fizzle out and be a couple of sticks I'll bear up with Christian fortitude and pour this stuff in the sink. But I must say you're a disappointment to us members of the younger set.” Mrs. Drew replaced the shaker and wheeled the wagon out into the butler's pantry.

There she poured herself a full glass and murmured, “*Somebody* must drink to the bride.”

The flavor was excellent, so she poured another, then she returned to the dining room and removed the wineglasses from the table.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Patience's Reward

JACKIE had been given a metal airplane to be assembled. After working diligently for a considerable length of time his patience began to wear thin. Finally he exploded.

“Gosh darn it! I'd go crazy if I knew how!”—Mrs. Livingston Myers, 10 East Sixteenth Street, N., Portland, Ore.

Garters Frappé

BETTY always had a terrible time keeping track of her garters. One morning mother asked:

“Betty, have you lost your new garters already?”

“No, mother. I put them where I could find them—in the ice box!” cried Betty, and proved it.—E. Jester, 218 S. Fifteenth Street, Corsicana, Tex.

PRIZE WINNERS

AUGUST 6 LIMERICK

$100 FIRST PRIZE

MILTON F. BREESE, Elmira, N. Y.

Moe Songwriter couldn't invent
A melody worth a thin cent.
But from operas rare
Moe stole many an air—
So Moz art could Handel the rent.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

MRS. EDGAR WATKINS
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$25 THIRD PRIZE

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Mrs. Helen Andresen, Kenosha, Wis.; C. A. Beard, Worcester, Mass.; Pat Brady, Chicago, Ill.; Solon S. Bloom, Baltimore, Md.; Hugh J. Bush, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. E. Bordine, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. A. V. Blackford, Bonaparte, Iowa; Mrs. Vera Brau, Mount Pleasant, Iowa; Ed. F. Boardman, Newburgh, N. Y.; Ann V. Crutcher, Louisville, Ky.; C. D. Curren, Elmira, N. Y.; Amy H. Crone, Cincinnati, Ohio; Lillian Curtis, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Joseph Deutsch, East Cleveland, Ohio; Claude Dean, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Fred Du Pelle, Peoria, Ill.

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James Lynch, Jr., Indianapolis, Ind.; Will H. Light, Atlanta, Ga.; Samuel C. Lawrence, Savannah, Ga.; Max Levine, Springfield, Mass.; W. H. Lee, Jr., Houston, Tex.; E. J. McCubrey, Minneapolis, Minn.; William Morris, Philadelphia, Pa.; James Mitchell, Bedford, Va.; Eileen McCarthy, Quincy, Mass.; Otto F. Moore, Elkins Park, Pa.; Bruce W. McDowell, Childersburg, Ala.; Mrs. A. Marshall, Buffalo, N. Y.; George D. Moore, Olean, N. Y.; Claude N. McCall, Belmont, N. C.; J. G. Parsons, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. A. J. Robida, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Mrs. L. D. Sherman, Muskogee, Okla.; Mrs. E. Sweeney, Buffalo, N. Y.; H. J. Smith, Washington, D. C.; Charles E. Shaw, Cumberland, Md.; James Smith, Ambridge, Pa.; Mrs. Anna Schneider, Kansas City, Mo.; Erna D. Strassburger, Cedarburg, Wis.; Charles G. Shepherd, Elmhurst, Ill.; Jerrold Smith, Regina, Sask.; Betty Uncapher, Wichita, Kan.; Mrs. Maud Varela, Washington, D. C.; Robert Vaughn, Swannanoa, N. C.; Robert Wesley, Haddonfield, N. J.; Elizabeth Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Augustus Walko, Collingswood, N. J.; Harold Woolverton, Grand Junction, Colo.; Virginia Watson Reeve, Toms River, N. J.

"Here's what I want to know" ....says the Doctor

There are a lot of laxatives that "work." "But *how?*" the doctor is the first to ask.

If your doctor would write down the medical requirements for a laxative, here are some of the things he would consider vital:

A laxative should be mild and gentle, yet effective.

It should not rush food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on every one of these requirements!

The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein, a laxative known to the medical profession throughout the world.

This phenolphthalein, in the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose — is combined with a delicious chocolated base in the special Ex-Lax way and cannot be duplicated.

Just "any" chocolate laxative won't do. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax to get Ex-Lax results.

Try Ex-Lax tonight! At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, 50c, sizes. Or mail coupon below for sample.

keep "regular" with EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me a free sample of Ex-Lax. L1022
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... State..........

A Few Notes on Origins

By

DR. SEUSS

"This Image is no longer available"

"This Image is no longer available"

A FALLEN ART

"As a sad example of man's degeneration," laments Dr. Neen of Montauk College, "take the Comb, invented, along with tissue paper, as a musical instrument. *Then man got Efficiency.* Its sweet voice stilled, the comb today is nothing but a hair parter."

HOW AN OLD WHEEZE STARTED

"Puzzling millions," writes an historian, "is that old gag, *Never look a gift horse in the mouth.* Back in the stone age, when horses were wilder, this slogan was put over by the insurance people to keep down the mortality rate. But with the nags we have today horse-mouth-in-looking is perfectly safe, gift or non-gift regardless."

"This Image is no longer available"

METAMORPHOSIS OF A NURSERY RHYME

"Everything changes," says Professor Gus Kronstadt. "Take, for example, the earliest version of *Mary Had a Little Lamb.* Originally Mary wasn't Mary at all, but twins named Yukka and Nungst—while the original Lamb was virtually a zoölogical Elks' clambake. That was only three million years ago. Heaven knows what the kiddies will be reciting in 3,001,932!"

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

FROM an hour's talk with Mr. and Mrs. George Burns—to you George Nat Burns and Gracie Allen of the radio—I have emerged with an entirely new slant on what people expect from blondes.

If you are a radio fan you know the funny, foolish helplessness of Gracie Allen—her crazy logic, her dumb answers.

Now, Gracie is dark—an Irish brunette. But when her radio admirers meet her they never fail to say, "Why, I thought you *must* be a blonde!"

Isn't that pretty hard on the blondes, giving them a corner on dumbness?

But Gracie doesn't worry about any grievances the blondes may have. She has one of her own. "Just let me make one serious remark in company," she declares, "and someone is sure to say, 'Why, you're not a bit like you are on the radio.'

"Everyone expects me to be dumb. They're surprised if I'm not. Nice, isn't it!"

Gracie Allen and George Nat Burns

She and George Nat Burns have been married for six years. The only time they have words is just before they go on the air.

He says, "Gracie always complains that our stuff doesn't make sense. And there I've been, sitting up all night trying to think up lines for her that *don't* make sense."

"Well, you'd be dumb, too," says Gracie, "if you had to act dumb all the time."

Her full name is Grace Ethel Cecile Rosalia Allen Burns.

The initials of her stage and radio name—Grace Allen Burns—spell "Gab."

"And it just suits me," says Gracie.

THE fifth wedding anniversary of two friends of mine has set me thinking—thinking once more how completely some insignificant event can change the course of people's lives.

When I first knew them, Hal and Nan and Lois belonged to the same crowd. Lois was smart, dashing. Nan was more reserved, a little shy. Hal was just a nice, honest, agreeable young man. He was tremendously impressed by Lois, who liked him, went around with him, but took plenty of time off for her other admirers. Still, everyone expected that she and Hal would marry.

But it was Nan whom Hal did marry. His change of heart overwhelmed him suddenly at a dance. Another couple bumped into them, and Nan clung to him. His arm tightened around her instinctively. He felt that she needed him. He never had felt that Lois did.

Well, Nan and he have had five superbly happy years. Lois has had two divorces. She says that it is all Hal's fault. Is it?

WHEN a famous beauty specialist talks not-for-publication, his ideas are worth hearing. A very famous one whispered these words to me the other day:

"If I could teach autosuggestion, that is what I would really like to do. I'd teach women to stay youthful by taking care of their thoughts first and their faces last.

"Out of every ten women who get loose skin and wrinkles under their eyes, seven are chronic worriers—and moral cowards.

"Nine out of every ten who have sagging chins are *discontented* women.

"They may not know they are cowards or malcontents, but their skin tells the secret."

He ended his confession by saying sadly:

"The best of all cures for a sagging chin is to get yourself into a permanent *make-the-best-of-things* mood. But what woman will pay for such advice? What would I get for saying, 'Madam, if you would face life more pleasantly, life *would* give you a younger-looking face'?"

"A CROSS-EYED girl never loses her man." This is a popular belief in Spain, and I wonder how it started. Is it based on the probability that when a cross-eyed girl succeeds in getting a man she will take more pains to cherish and keep him than will the unhandicapped beauty who can pick and choose? Or is there some special charm in eyes that appear to be looking at something else while they look at you?

I am inclined to believe the latter explanation. Remember Leonardo da Vinci's famous portrait of Mona Lisa, the lady with the mysterious smile and evasive eyes. Leonardo worked on that picture for years, baffled by the fair sitter.

Elusiveness—keeping something of yourself to yourself. It gets the boys, doesn't it?

OF the several childbirth novels which have come out lately I prefer Nine Months, translated from the German of Hilde Maria Kraus. This is really a thought-provoking book, not offensively medical. (Published by Liveright.)

KEEPING something up your sleeve will at last be possible this winter, thanks to the Paris couturiers; they are now bringing back the enormous balloon sleeves of long ago. But the modern version has obviously been influenced by Graf von Zeppelin. These sleeves are more elongated than the old-fashioned round balloon.

They are big enough, however, to hold almost anything. Personally, I'm in favor of putting zippers on them.

Just think how convenient it would be to carry home a whole ham in your left sleeve, instead of struggling along with its unwieldy bulk under your arm!

Seriously, there are two grave mistakes to avoid if you wear these new sleeves. Beware of the cuff. Don't end the big sleeves with narrow cuffs if your hands are at all pudgy.

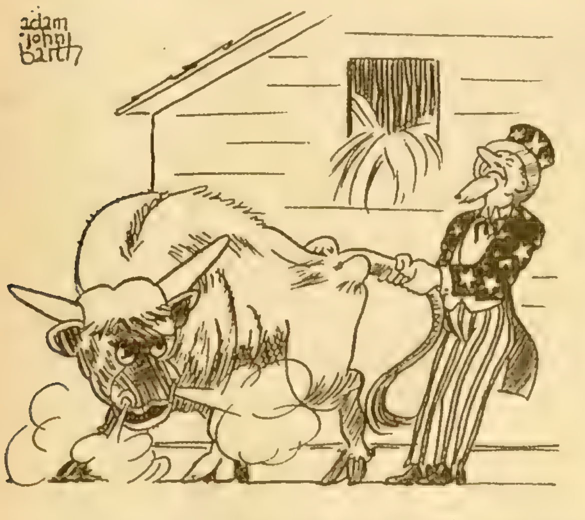
And don't wear bracelets.

Vox

A Lot About Taxes Off a Lot of People's Chests

Grand Junction, Iowa—Referring to your editorial, " Taxes—And How We Hate Them! "

We think, in the West, that the government has the wrong bull by the tail—and said bull is getting peeved. The live-stock man, farmer, lumber and mining man has been on the firing line for twelve years—far more than the ex-service man who came out of the army in good shape physically.



The producer has been taxed until, in about fifty per cent of the average cases, he cannot pay his 1932 taxes. The ex-service man, in many cases, gets a check from the government. Why not an easement of taxes to the man who has been producing at a loss for the benefit of the packer and consumer, and at the same time has been taxed by the government?

In such conditions, the sensible answer is: true thrift in all governmental expense, non-interference by the government in all legitimate business, and some immediate source of revenue from liquor—with less talk and more action. —*C. Blake.*

Washington, D. C.—There are undoubtedly more than a million Single Taxers in the United States. Your editorial, " Taxes—And How We Hate Them! " will do more to bring them into self-expression than anything which has happened in a quarter of a century.

I congratulate you on your moral courage and your editorial good judgment.—*Herbert Janvrin Browne.*

Boston, Mass.—I never could make head or tail out of the Single Tax theory. Ten to one, it wouldn't work. So why bring it up in your editorial?—*A Skeptic.*

Suffern, N. Y.—Was delighted to read your editorial, " Taxes—And How We Hate Them! " To my mind the whole tax system is based on an erroneous economic theory. Under the present system, if I own a piece of property and allow it to run down—fences unmended, house unpainted, and grounds uncared for—my taxes are *reduced.* But the moment that I mend the fences, paint the house, mow the lawn, my taxes are *increased!*

In other words, our present system provides a penalty for industry.—*Daniel Carter Beard.*

Sandwich, Mass.—If the public is really sincere in its desire to reduce the cost of government, this cost can be cut in half by the adoption of the Single Tax.—*Lincoln Crowell.*

Chicago, Ill.—What's all this editorial talk about the Single Tax, Liberty? Why discuss a theory that's as dead as a doornail—or soon will be?—*L. Williams.*

Elmhurst, N. Y.—You are to be congratulated on your editorial with regard to George's theories.

All the stabilization plans of industry amount to naught unless we have national ownership of land, as set forth in " Progress and Poverty," by Henry George.—*Oliver D. Heeg.*

Hudson, N. Y.—I have just been reading Liberty's editorial, " Taxes—And How We Hate Them! " and wish to thank you for publishing the same.

It seems to me that nothing could do very much more to cure this depression and prevent future depressions than to have the attention of the masses in this country directed to economic problems.

Whether we Georgists are right or wrong, if people were as anxious to discuss economics as they are to air their views on the comparatively unimportant subject of prohibition, some solution of the vitally important problem of the distribution of the wealth that we are now able to produce so rapidly would be found.—*Willis A. Snyder.*

Haven't You Anything Else to Do?

New Hope, Pa.—I've been showing Liberty magazine to my barnyard fowls. The bright ones wouldn't look at it. But an old goose was delighted with it.—*Sue.*

Thrilled to Cheers

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Liberty has been a weekly caller at my home for more than three years. Is it a welcome guest? You said it!

I'd like to meet the person who could resist your marvelous stories such as Lowell Thomas' " Reckless Lives " series, Rex Beach's " Beyond Control," and Sergeant Halyburton's " Shoot and Be Damned! " The only thing I find wrong about Liberty, now, is that Halyburton's story has come to an end.—*Winfield G. Saurman.*

Winfield G. Saurman

The Burning Question of That Much Kissed Son-in-Law

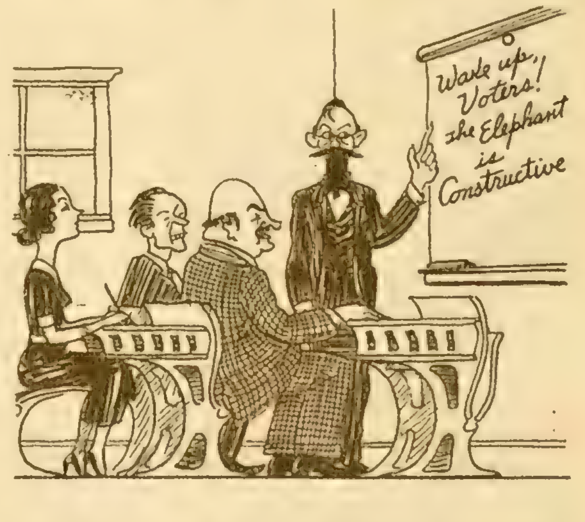
Dearborn, Mich.—I've just finished reading Jennifer Lee's article, " I Want a Much Kissed Son-in-Law," wherein she implies that a man who has remained " pure " before marriage is " out "—a misfit. She hints that the man to be desired is one who has followed the natural impulses of a healthy body, and got for himself a wide experience before marriage. Very well. Some girl or girls must be a party to that man's quest for experience.

To help make these so-called better men, is Jennifer Lee willing that her daughter should contribute to the wide experience of some healthy young man before marriage? Just think how Jennifer's daughter would be helping some girl, somewhere, who later married this young man!—*Robert Brand.*

On the Wisdom of the Elephant and the Load He's Had to Carry

St. Louis, Mo.—If that Democratic Vox Popper, Nettie S. Watson, who blamed the Republicans for hard times, is as young as her picture would indicate, she does not remember the hard times of the Cleveland administration; but she can take it from one who survived that the last two years will seem like a Sunday-school picnic to what will happen if the Democrats carry the country in the fall.

It is a wonder that some of these new voters do not get a United States history and note that all constructive work in the last sixty years has been done by the Republican Party, not with the help but in spite of the hindrances of the Democrats. Even Wilson had to call on the Republicans to put over his policies.


Wake up, Voters! the Elephant is Constructive

To many people it seems to be of more importance that the country has beer than that the laboring man has work; but I trust that the voting population will wake up before November with a clear brain, and enable us to get some constructive legislation—something that the Democrats have never been able to do. The late panic happened in spite of a Republican administration, not because of it.—*L. R. B.*

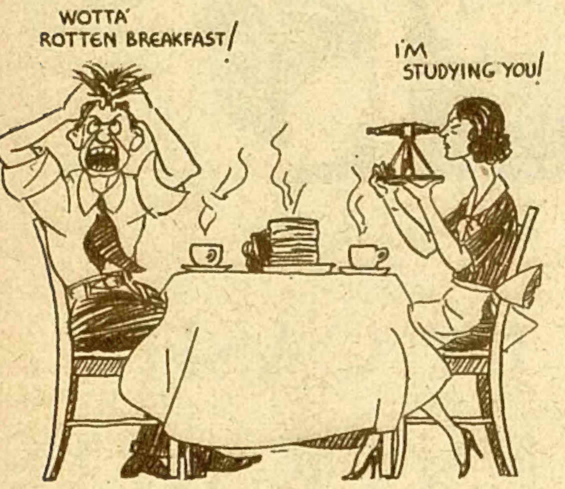
Pop

Two Jeers and a Cheer for Jay Franklin

OCEAN BEACH, CALIF.—Never having had the privilege of meeting Mr. Jay Franklin, I am, of course, at a loss to know whether or not his article, "Have Women Made a Mess of Politics? Absolutely!" was his honest opinion or merely a challenge to the American woman. I hope it is the latter.

I note that he says:

"Women are not public-minded. On the whole, their lot in life is to be cooks and housekeepers, wives and mothers, to take care of their men and their children."


WOTTA' ROTTEN BREAKFAST!
I'M STUDYING YOU!

Well, at least women should be pretty good judges of male nature. There is no better way of studying plants or animals or men than by caring for them.

Our nation was, primarily, composed of immigrants of both sexes. History has failed to tell us just what special privileges were granted those "afflicted with the curse of Eve." On the contrary, history has taught us that these first American women worked side by side with the men they so carefully cared for, and when, in spite of their care, these strong, virile men sickened and died, the women closed their eyes, attended the last rites, then fell into the places left vacant, planted and harvested the crops, fought off Indians, raised the children that were numerous in all families, regardless of hardships and living conditions, and, in short, shouldered the curse of Adam as well as the curse of Eve.

So much for Mr. Franklin's slighting reference to the handicap imposed upon women by the curse of Eve.

The truth is that we have inferior women in office, just as we have inferior men in office. The reason for this is simple.

An honest man or woman shuns public office under the present conditions as he would the plague—that is, if he or she wants to remain honest.—*Beatrice L. Fish.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Hurrah and hurrah again for Jay Franklin! He certainly has my ideas exactly. If the women would stay at home and take care of their children and teach them a little religion, and care for their homes, and let the men make a living and run politics, men would respect them more and this old world would be a better place to live in.—*Mrs. C. E. C.*

SPRING LAKE, MICH.—I have always considered Liberty a fair-minded magazine, but when you print such an article as graced (?) your September 3 issue you are resorting to a cheap way of creating an artificial, antagonistic interest in your publication.

I am referring to Jay Franklin's article, "Have Women Made a Mess of Politics? Absolutely!" Allowing American women's intelligence to be compared to that of Negroes! Blaming the depression on *us!*

Franklin's article made me terribly angry at first, but when I read it again I got a huge laugh.

What a bright man he must be—writing something against our intelligence when the whole thing is so inconsistent, prejudiced, and illogical that it reflects on *his* intelligence!

The only true statement Mr. Franklin made was that women are not goddesses, but human, with the weaknesses of men. True enough! But we are trying! You know, Mr. Franklin, people learn by experience, and you forget how much longer the masculine sex has had to learn.

Mrs. George Bradley

Education is *not* intelligence. Had you said we were not as educated along a political line as the men I should have agreed. But when you imply that we are not blessed (or cursed) with as much brain power, I refer you to our colleges and universities and to the statistics of our psychological research laboratories.—*Mrs. George Bradley.*

On Trying to Plow with a Mere Hobbyhorse

FORT WORTH, TEX.—I was born and reared in a city of some size, never have lived on a farm and never expect to, and all this talk, in Liberty, about going to the farm and how people can buy a farm has been a puzzle to me.

It is all right if a man has been born in the country, raised on a farm, understands what to do with a farm and all its products, how to fertilize, irrigate, do whatever is necessary to make a farm produce everything there is in it.

But consider a man born and reared in the city and used to city ways—nothing but clerical work, perhaps—and he suddenly gets the urge to buy a farm with his savings. He usually buys it, and moves out. Then in a short while he is back in the city looking for a job to help keep said farm going! He knows nothing about land, has to hire a man to work it for him, and is not even competent to know whether the man is right or wrong.

I believe in the farm, but I also believe a man should know something about one before investing his life's earnings in one. My own father had the same urge once—and I had to bear the consequences. Perhaps they say it is a "hobby." Well, I say it is a very expensive hobby.

I myself enjoy trees, flowers, gardens, and all that pertain thereto. But I also have sense enough to know that I would not be able to run a farm, a dairy, or anything else along that line without long training.

E. Rayburn

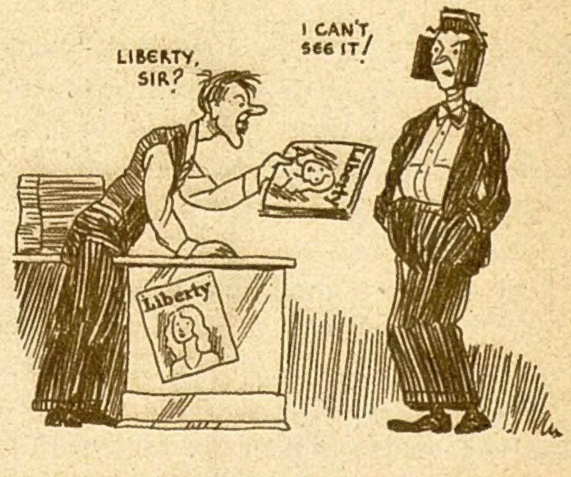
So, before obeying the urge to buy a farm, why not take stock of your ability to run one and make at least a living out of it?—*E. Rayburn.*

A Cover Charge

AUSTIN, TEX.—Inclosed please find one large juicy Bronx cheer for Leslie Thrasher.

There's no law—thank goodness—requiring a man to read Liberty, but unless he goes about wearing blinders like a horse he can't keep from seeing the covers.

As an artist, friend Thrasher would certainly make a poor oculist. First he had the poor girl cross-eyed, and now he has fixed her orbs in an "east is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet" sort of situation.

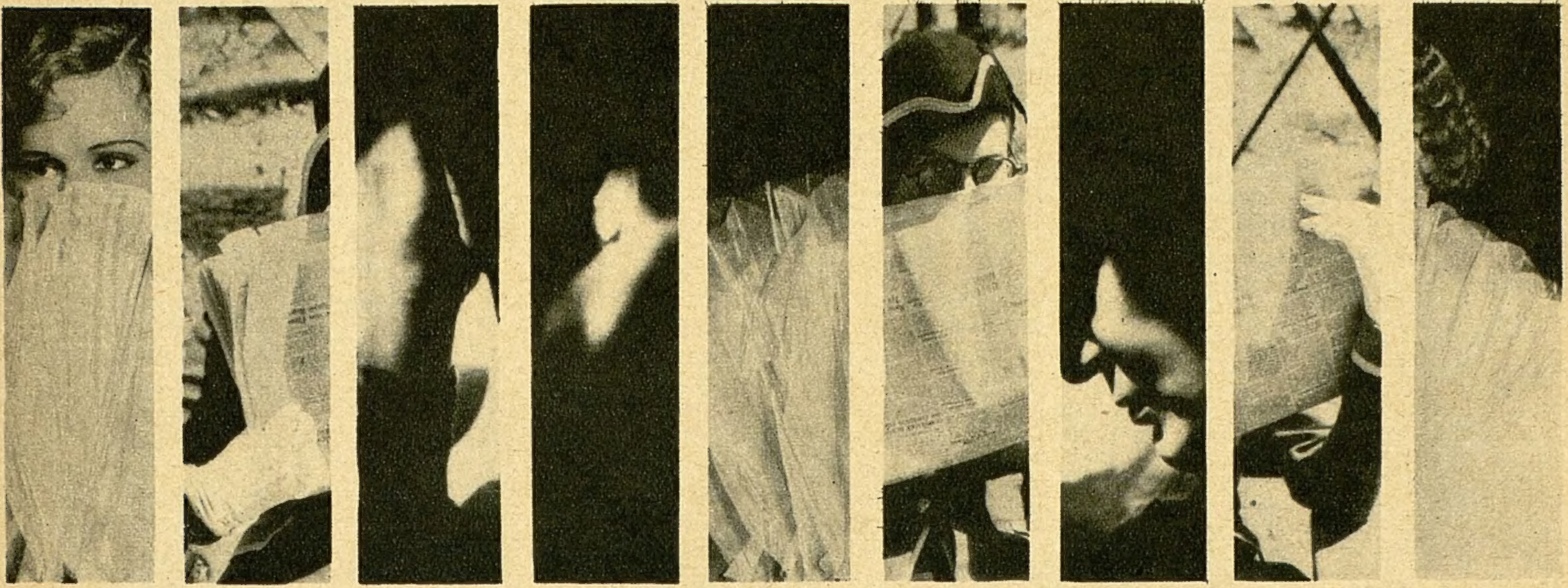

LIBERTY, SIR?
I CAN'T SEE IT!
Liberty

If you must insist on letting Thrasher do the covers, the least you could do would be to let somebody else paint in the eyes.—*J. Cox.*

A Flower from Jane

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Tell those Vox Pop knockers to lay off our Leslie Thrasher. When your magazine's two and a half million readers think of Liberty's best feature, they think of Thrasher.—*Jane.*

MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST NEARS CLOSE!



TOTAL OF *$2,500* IN CASH AWAITS 254 SUCCESSFUL ENTRANTS

You're almost within sight of the golden goal this week! Here is Puzzle No. 9. When you've solved it and identified the resulting three portraits you'll be all set for the dash down the home stretch next week, followed by the suspense of the judging and the thrill that comes when the winners' names are posted. If you have solved the first eight puzzles of this series don't let this one baffle you. Don't drop out with the money almost within reach. If you finish you may win first prize!

DON'T let your enthusiasm lead you into making a costly, ornate presentation of your complete set of solutions. Not only is this a needless expenditure, but you are apt to overlook accuracy in your solutions if you concentrate on the form in which you are to send them in.

And this is a good time to mention the message called for in Rule 2. Have you selected the person from among your identifications who will be the imaginary author of the fifty-word message you would most like to receive? Here is a grand opportunity to exercise your ingenuity and to establish your knowledge of moviedom even more firmly. Who will be the imagined sender of your message? What will the communication convey?

Perhaps you have decided not to make this selection until next week's puzzle brings you the final three portraits of the contest. That might be a wise course for some, but others may have definitely selected a correspondent from among the players already identified, in which case they can get the message out of the way and be ready for Puzzle No. 10. Whenever you decide to write your message, be sure that you get it done sometime and submit it with your solutions as directed in Rule 5.

THE RULES

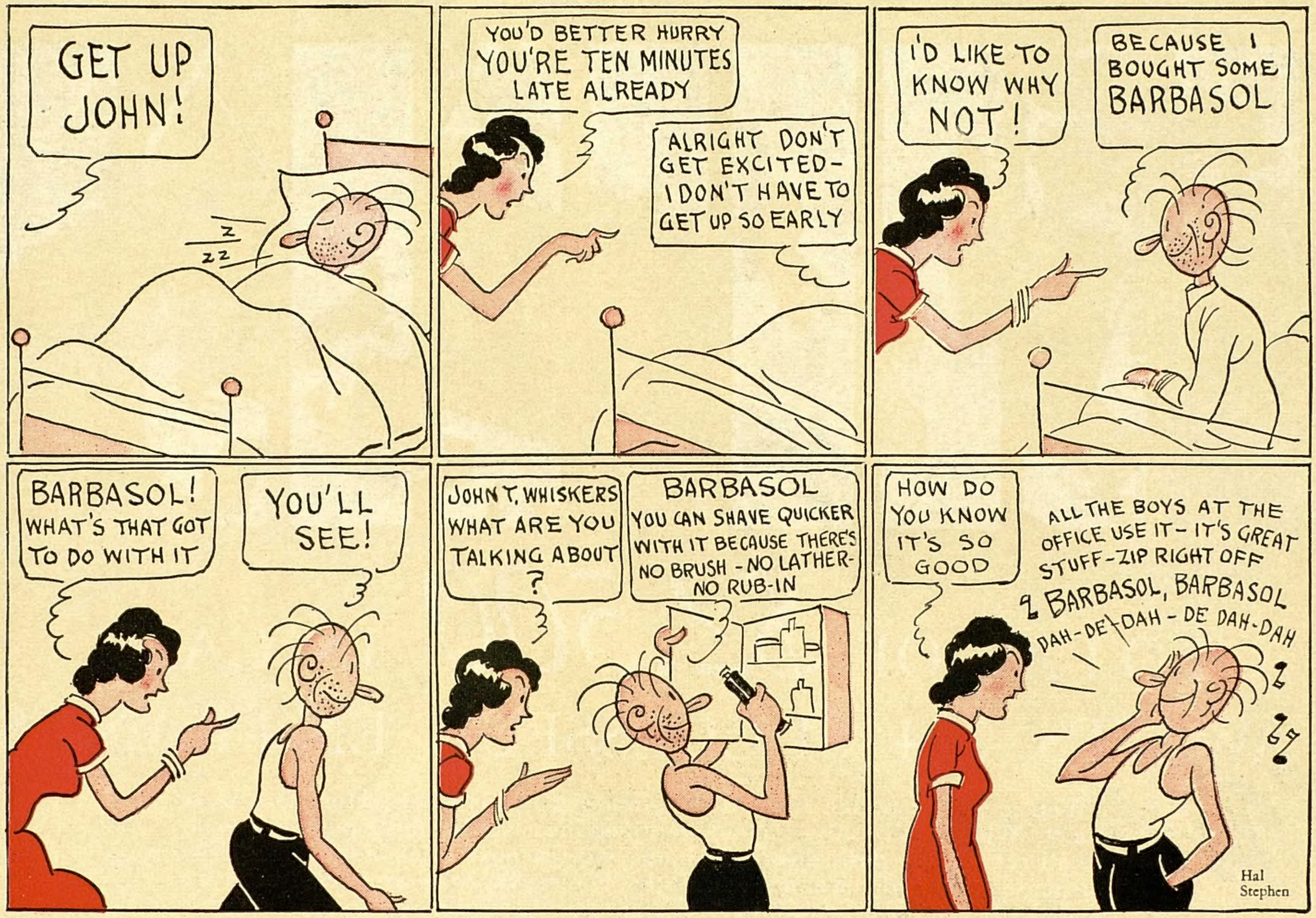
1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Two Prizes, each $50	100
Four Prizes, each $25	100
Forty-five Prizes, each $10	450
200 Prizes, each $5	1,000
254 Prizes—Total	$2,500

NEXT WEEK PUZZLE NO. 10 BRINGS THIS GREAT $2,500 PRIZE CONTEST TO ITS CLIMAX OF AWARDS!

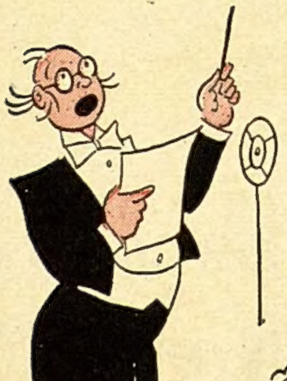
"THE EARLY BIRD GETS WISE"


GET UP JOHN!
ZZZ
YOU'D BETTER HURRY YOU'RE TEN MINUTES LATE ALREADY
ALRIGHT DON'T GET EXCITED- I DON'T HAVE TO GET UP SO EARLY
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY NOT!
BECAUSE I BOUGHT SOME BARBASOL
BARBASOL! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT
YOU'LL SEE!
JOHN T. WHISKERS WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ?
BARBASOL YOU CAN SHAVE QUICKER WITH IT BECAUSE THERE'S NO BRUSH - NO LATHER- NO RUB-IN
HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S SO GOOD
ALL THE BOYS AT THE OFFICE USE IT - IT'S GREAT STUFF-ZIP RIGHT OFF
BARBASOL, BARBASOL DAH-DE-DAH - DE DAH-DAH
Hal Stephen

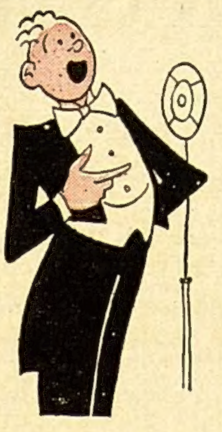
SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! Use Barbasol for the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shave you've ever had. Do away with all the old fuss and muss, the harsh, biting alkalis that torture a tender skin. Barbasol holds the whiskers erect so the razor can slice 'em off clean and quick, without a pull or a scrape. Leaves the natural oil in the skin, protects it from sun- and wind-burn, keeps the face soft and smooth. Get a tube today. Use it this way: **1.** Wash your face and leave it wet. **2.** Smooth on Barbasol (no vigorous rubbing needed). **3.** Wet your razor and SHAVE! That's all—and what a shave! Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

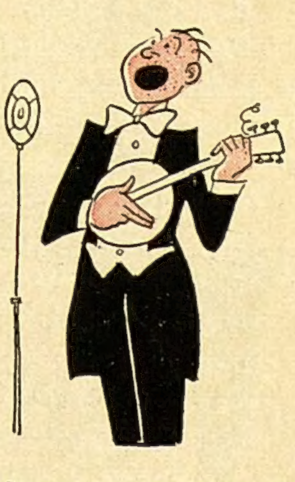
In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed.



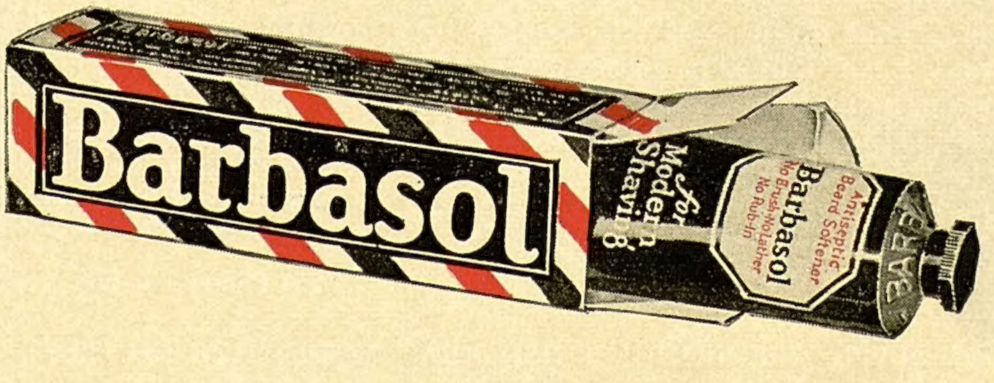
The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Standard Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue Network, coast to coast.



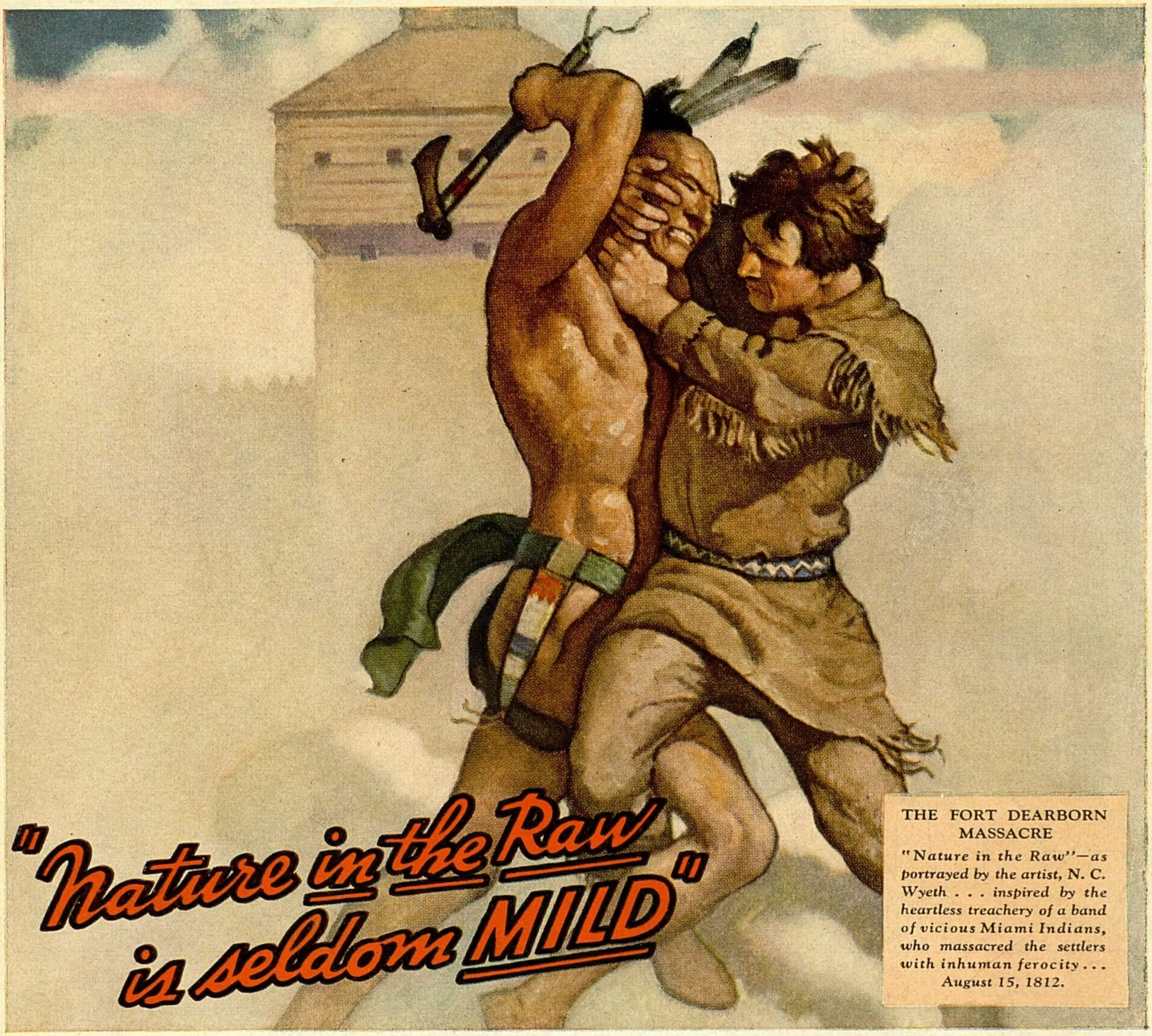
Ray Perkins, Barbasoloist with Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEAF—N.B.C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.



Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.


Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather
No Rub-in

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations


"Nature in the Raw is seldom MILD"

THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE

"Nature in the Raw"—as portrayed by the artist, N. C. Wyeth . . . inspired by the heartless treachery of a band of vicious Miami Indians, who massacred the settlers with inhuman ferocity . . . August 15, 1812.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Copr., 1932,
The American
Tobacco Co.

—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes

They are *not* present in Luckies
. . . the *mildest* cigarette
you ever smoked

WE buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world—but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard Lucky Strike as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that Lucky Strike purifying process, described by the words—"It's toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

"It's toasted"

That package of mild Luckies

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, tho he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Does not this explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of Lucky Strike?